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A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF

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EDITED BY { Volume XXI.
FRANCIS F. BROWNE. { No. 245.

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"It is my belief that a competent man of affairs, with large executive powers, conversant with men and values, informed as to the mutual interest of all parties concerned in financial transactions of the board, inflexible in demanding and dispensing justice in all matters of reciprocal interests, if chosen to act in the capacity of, let me suggest, a business directory of all its business affairs, subject always to review of the board, at a liberal salary, would by the introduction of business methods into the administration of our affairs so effect a sav-

ing in our expenditures as would compensate for his salary many times over, and bring about a more rational system of procedure in all our business relations."

Such a statement almost carries conviction in its train. In the management of large concerns, public or private, all experience goes to show that the best results are obtained when executive powers are concentrated and responsibilities enlarged. The business of a board of education that expends seven or eight millions annually cannot be effectively and economically controlled by committees and quasi-independent departments. It demands the same sort of ability that is required of the president of a great banking or railway corporation. Such ability commands a high price, but it is to be found in the market, and its employment would be a real economy. It is, moreover, unfair to expect from the members of a board of education, whose services are entirely gratuitous, the sort of devotion that is needed for this work of business superintendence. Men who have occupations of their own cannot be expected to this extent to neglect their own interests, and many of the most capable members of the Chicago Board of Education have found themselves forced to resign because they simply could not, in justice to themselves, meet the multifarious demands made upon them by their office, yet were too conscientious to be willing to neglect them. Mr. Cameron's proposal offers a way out of this difficulty, and its adoption would make it possible to enlist the services of the best men in the community without exacting from them an unreasonable portion of their time and energy.

On the subject of the strictly educational work of the Board the report is equally outspoken, and equally in line with the most competent educational thought. We read:

"Especially should the educational department be left free from non-professional interference and restriction, and the legal power of the appointment and removal of teachers in the largest measure consonant with the right of review by the board be cheerfully committed to the Superintendent of Schools and his assistants. It scarcely needs an argument to convince any member of this board that the outlook of these executive officers over the educational field, their knowledge of school affairs at home and abroad, their acquaintance with the trend and scope of educational thought, their familiar associations with questions pertaining to school management and discipline, their experience with school life, their trained judgment as to professional merit in teaching, their professional pride, all unite to justify the commission to their hands, unrestricted by individual members of the board, or by non-professional parties, the selection, appointment, assignment, and transfer of teachers, the removal of incompetents, and the promo-

tion of teachers to fill vacancies occurring in the more important positions."

This is admirably concise and logical; what the writer calls his own "solemn conviction" on the subject is also the conviction of every serious educator in the country. There is no question, either in this proposition or in the preceding one relating to business management, of any abdication of authority on the part of the Board of Education. There is simply the question of a voluntary limitation of the action of that body to the larger aspects of the public school policy, leaving all the details to the decision of competent executive agents.

Mr. Cameron refers in pointed terms to the action taken last spring by the Chicago Council whereby the school appropriation for 1897 was made two millions short of what is obviously needed. On this subject he says:

"In view of the almost unprecedented growth of the population of the city and the corresponding increase of school membership, the reduction of financial resources beyond those of the last preceding year seems like a suicidal act, an act at least without the sanction or suggestion of an enlightened policy. The whole policy of a government is summed up in the requirement—educate or punish. To neglect the former is to render the latter obligatory. The wisdom of the one is set over against the folly of the other. To cheapen the one is to multiply the cost of the other by a large ratio. In the face of this fact, the board is unhappily urged, nay forced, to a most rigid line of economy and retrenchment, whereby the possibility of financial embarrassment may be avoided. It is not a condition to be viewed with any feeling of complacency, that of a retrograde movement in the management of the schools because of the fact that the board is shorn of the legitimate and necessary means for carrying to a successful issue the legal requirements of its department."

It is shown that during 1895-6, for the first time in years, new schools were built fast enough to keep pace with the growth of the school population. The reduction for the coming year means simply that building must stop altogether for a time, making it much harder than before to "catch up" when it is made possible again to go on with the work.

One more recommendation of importance remains to be noticed. The success of the experimental vacation school carried on in Chicago this summer by private subscription has been so marked that a real educational need is indicated. Such schools should, of course, be very different in plan and method from those of the regular school year, and the slight experience already had with them shows how successful they might be made. Mr. Cameron, at all events, has taken to heart the lesson of this

summer's experiment, for he urges the organization of a large number of such vacation schools, and, at the same time, suggests that the regular school year should be shortened one month. If the latter suggestion were made by itself, its wisdom might be doubtful, but coupled as it is with the plan for vacation schools, it commends itself to the intelligence. There is no doubt that the summer climate of Chicago is too tropical for the year of forty weeks that has hitherto been maintained. A school term that runs from the beginning of September to the close of June is sure to encounter some unendurably hot weather at both ends. During such weather almost nothing of value is accomplished, and it is extremely probable that a curtailment of the term would result in no real loss to the work of the year. For the value of that work is not to be decided by any rule of thumb, but results from a complex of forces in which the tone and vitality of teachers and students is probably the most important factor. This is particularly true in the higher grades of the work, while any loss that might be felt in the lower grades would be more than compensated by the attractive and wholesome training of the vacation schools, should both features of Mr. Cameron's suggestion commend themselves to the wisdom of the authorities. All the suggestions made in his report are richly deserving of consideration, and it is a good omen for public education in Chicago that so ripe and thoughtful a document should have been presented to the attention of the body in whose hands the interests of the schools are placed.

CONVERSATIONAL ENGLISH.

Is conversation becoming with us a lost art, and the correct use of its medium a thing of the past? This is a question calling for the serious consideration of educators of the young. Spelling and composition receive attention perhaps out of proportion to their relative importance; some of the methods of teaching the former—as, for example, the singing of the letters—being very peculiar, and demanding an undue share of the pupil's time. But neither in school nor at home are correct habits of speech inculcated. In no country in the world do the educated classes pay so little attention to correctness of accent, clearness of enunciation, and the observance of grammatical rules, as in our own. Even in New England, where, during the first half of the century, taking the whole population together, perhaps the best English in the world was spoken, there has been a sad degeneration.

The pulpit makes some pretence to the correct use of English, but even here colloquialisms are not rare. The writer recently heard a clergyman of some claims to culture and refinement, in the course of a sermon on the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, exclaim with much fervor: "Oh, my brethren, what a blessed world this would be if only we were all plumb full of God!" Another preacher whom he frequently hears is addicted to deploring, in his exhortations to spiritual-mindedness, a too great desire to "keep up with the procession." The bar has long ago given up the attempt to furnish a model in the use of English. Not a few lawyers purposely make use of slang and faulty grammar in court, thinking thus more surely to hold the attention of the jury.

As has often been observed, Europeans pay more attention to their speech than we do, because in all leading European countries correct and refined utterance is an indispensable requisite for attaining good social position. Irish and Scotch barristers, seeking to make their mark at the English bar, take incredible pains to get rid of their native accent. Lord Campbell succeeded so far in this endeavor that he said his Scotch origin was finally discoverable only through two or three words which were always more than he could master; one of them was *solicitor*, which he always made *soleecitor*. In France, Germany, and Italy, as well as in England, among the educated classes the child's speech is watched as carefully as are his manners and morals. To the upper classes of society is assigned the care of their native tongue, and neglect in this matter is punished by loss of social consideration. A little experience abroad will make an American painfully conscious of his national defect. In the very act of introducing himself to a German as an *Amerikaner*, he will almost certainly slur the unaccented vowels, and, if he be from New England, fail to give due value to the letter *r*. It is then that he will begin to deplore the birthright of the modern American, the liberty to talk in any way he pleases, and to produce a jargon of slovenly pronunciation and street slang, uttered with a harsh nasal twang. Let us beware of reaching the condition of Greece and Rome of old, and of Turkey and parts of Germany and France and other European countries of to-day, where the literary and the spoken languages are entirely distinct, and the uneducated man is obliged to study a book in his own tongue as he would a foreign language.

Of course, the most assiduous attention to the rules of good talking will not produce conversation; for, as the "Poet at the Breakfast-table" says: "Good talk is not a matter of will at all; it depends—you know we are all half-materialists nowadays—on a certain amount of active congestion of the brain, and that comes when it is ready, and not before." As in producing fire with tinder, flint, and steel, so in conversation, "after hammering away with mere words, the spark of a happy expression takes somewhere among the mental combustibles,

and then we have a pretty, wandering, scintillating play of eloquent thought that enlivens, if it does not kindle, all around it." And then we are told that the explanation of the phenomenon lies in the fact that a "chance thought or expression strikes the nervous centre of consciousness, as the rowel of a spur stings the flank of a racer. Away through all the telegraphic radiations of the nervous cords flashes the intelligence that the brain is kindling, and must be fed with something or other, or burn to ashes. And all the great hydraulic engines pour in their scarlet blood—a stream like burning rock-oil. You can't order these organic processes any more than a milliner can make a rose."

Too great an effort to make conversation is disastrous to its spontaneity and charm. All have had experience of those men of *esprit* who, in the words of the "Autocrat," "have what may be called jerky minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel."

Equally wearisome is the man with whom conversation is impossible because he talks always in monologue. Coleridge would pump his listeners full on the slightest provocation. "Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words," exclaimed Sir Walter Scott, in describing a dinner-party at which he was forced to listen to a long and learned harangue from the Highgate sage, on Homer and the Samothracian mysteries and the Wolfian hypothesis. Theodore Hook, after enduring a three-hours discourse from "the rapt one with the god-like forehead"—a monologue suggested by the sight of two soldiers sitting by the roadside—exclaimed: "Thank heaven! you did not see a regiment, Coleridge, for in that case you would never have stopped." The true master of the ready give-and-take of conversation, as distinguished from monologue, is like Mr. Bagehot's subtle reader in the essay on Gibbon: he pursues with a fine attention the most delicate and imperceptible ramifications of a topic, "marks slight traits, notes changing manners, is minutely attentive to every prejudice and awake to every passion, watches syllables and waits on words, is alive to the light airs of nice association which float about every subject—the motes in the bright sunbeam—the delicate gradations of the passing shadows."

A common trick of the man who would converse fluently is to guide the conversation into some pathway already many times trodden by him—into one of those ruts or grooves into which, especially if he be a professor or lecturer or schoolmaster or clergyman, his conversation is perpetually sliding. This is not a practice to be followed. We like rather to converse with such men as Sydney Smith, who talked not for display, but because his mind was a spring bubbling over with ideas, and, as he said, he must speak or burst. He talked on any subject that

was started, rarely starting anything of his own, and making it a rule to take as many half-minutes as he could get, but never to talk more than a half-minute without pausing, in order that others might have an opportunity to strike in. In this he was quite unlike the Frenchman who observed the contrary principle, and caused an envious and impatient rival, watching for an opening, to murmur: "S'il crache ou toussé, il est perdu!"

In general company, the conversational style should be light and constantly passing from theme to theme. If, as Dr. Johnson has said, solid conversation be indulged in, "people differ in opinion, and get into bad humor, or some of the company, who are not capable of such conversation, are left out, and feel themselves uneasy." For this reason Sir Robert Walpole said he always talked gossip and scandal at his table, because in that none were too shallow-brained to join. Whatever be the theme of conversation, whether weighty or light, much depends, for its ready flow and entire success, on how much is taken for granted and how much is left unsaid. Conversationalists should beware of insisting on nothing but absolute truths rigidly stated in the form of propositions. Conversation, like the other fine arts, aims at the ideal, and must be allowed to state its truths with embellishment, with modification, or even with exaggeration. One man who persists in being literal can spoil the talk of a whole company of wits; like the production of a well-trained orchestra, "its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note."

Bacon has a word to say on the mode of delivery—in his "Short Notes for Civil Conversation"—which may be of interest. "In all kinds of speech," he says, "either pleasant, grave, severe, or ordinary, it is convenient to speak leisurely, and rather drawlingly, than hastily: because hasty speech confounds the memory, and oftentimes, besides the unseemliness, drives the man either to stammering, a non-plus, or harping on that which should follow; whereas a slow speech confirmeth the memory, addeth a conceit of wisdom to the hearers, besides a seemliness of speech and countenance." PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE SONNET.

A slender shape—a harp of but two strings,
Yet, when he takes it whose the instrument,
There is no other unto poets sent—
Viol nor flute—doth such high rapturings!
These two short cords breathe out a thousand things:
The hope of youth, with May's young passion blent,
The face of Love, on face of Death intent,
Heaven's ancient word, Earth's ancient questionings,
Even as the harper will. Alas! when one
Who is a common minstrel dares to take
The beautiful slight thing, its power is done;
Only this broken music will awake
Along the cords—whose finer harmony,
O faltering hand, shall never rise for thee!

MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON.

COMMUNICATIONS.

DOGMATIC PHILOLOGY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A specimen of false philology, even more remarkable than the one pointed out by a correspondent in your issue of August 1, appears in the following paragraph on p. 212 of the new "Practical Rhetoric" referred to in your correspondent's communication:

"Pure sentences are grammatically accurate, and true to the genius of the English tongue; that is, idiomatic (from a Greek word meaning *one's own*). To write in the idiom of a language is to employ its characteristic modes of expression. A man may use correct, but not idiomatic, English. . . . So, by the English idiom, only transitive verbs can take a genuine passive. 'He is gone' (elegant French); 'He was now advanced within ten miles of the Sambre' (a translator's rendering of Caesar's elegant Latin), are not regarded as idiomatic by the best English writers. *He has gone* is the elegant English equivalent of *il est parti*."

The author of the above evidently mistakes *is gone*, a genuine perfect active, for a present passive. But the most surprising thing is that he should regard *is gone* as a Gallicism, and hence unidiomatic. A glance into an Anglo-Saxon grammar, or comparison with similar forms in modern German, would have revealed that the perfect and pluperfect tenses of intransitive verbs are regularly formed with *be*, of transitive verbs with *have*. *Has gone* is therefore originally a blunder, now ratified by usage, just as *hat gegangen* would be a blunder in German. Compare the lines in "Lycidas":

"And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay."

The tense is the same in both; there is certainly no passive in sight. Other examples in the same poem are:

"Now thou art gone, and never must return."

"That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed."

Under such instruction as the foregoing paragraph conveys, how would the student come to regard Burke's famous passage, "But the age of chivalry is gone," or many well remembered passages of the English Bible, such as "Babylon is fallen," "Think not that I am come," etc.?

In these days when Anglo-Saxon grammars are lying around in every English lecture-room, that a college teacher of English, of "twenty years' experience," should have escaped the contagion, is simply astounding. But our author's dogma in no way invalidates the soundness of his doctrine in another paragraph:

"With writers who pretend to instruct others, but are themselves destitute of the first great essential to success,—clear vision of the subject taught,—obscurity is inevitable."

After reading in the Preface, "An invaluable aid to such as desire to speak with propriety and elegance will be found in Lessons XXI. and XXII. on common mis-usages," one turns to these chapters with some degree of interest. Much that is useful and necessary to the young student is found there, along with much that tends to purism, rather than to purity, of speech. One is reminded at every turn of the stock of inhibited phrases that were going the rounds of the newspapers a few years ago. Thus, we read:

"Try should be followed by a verb in the infinitive: 'Try to exert yourself.' Avoid the colloquialisms, 'Try and do it,' 'come and see me,' imitations of classical usage."

Having occasion, the other day, to read over Matthew Arnold's "Essay on Celtic Literature," I noted four examples of this construction, which was evidently good

enough for him, one of the greatest of modern stylists:

"I have no pretension to do more than to try and awaken interest."

"But before we go on to try and verify, in our life and literature, the alleged fact of this commingling," etc.

"And now to try and trace these in the composite English genius."

"—seeing our American brothers themselves have rather, like us, to try and moderate the flame of Anglo-Saxonism in their breasts."

(See also the "International Dictionary" under *and*.)

We are informed, further, that

"Adjectives follow verbs of existing, seeming, and feeling; as, to feel *bad*, never *badly*, unless the reference is to a blind man beginning to depend on his fingers."

Is one, then, always to feel *bad*, never *badly*,—to feel *poor* always, never *poorly*,—to look *sick*, never *sickly*,—*kind*, and never *kindly*? Who says that *sickly*, *poorly*, *kindly*, *goodly*, *badly* (in this use), are not adjectives as well as *lovely*, *friendly*, *daily*, etc.? But it is not a question of "intuitive philology"; is it then a fact of language? Here are a few examples, selected at random:

"I do not mean American coins, for those look less badly, the more they lose of their original ugliness."—*Lowell, Biglow Papers, Introduction*.

In "The Foundations of Rhetoric," by Professor A. S. Hill of Harvard, "I came in late, and I felt *bad* when I wrote this theme" is corrected into "I came in late, and I felt *badly* when I wrote this theme," with the remark: "In this example, *bad* might, according to the rule just stated, seem to be the proper word. The reason for preferring *badly* is that *bad* is ambiguous, 'bad' being used in two senses."

The only sensible rule would seem to be, when you feel *bad*, say so; and when you feel *badly*, say so, if you want to.

Our Practical Rhetorician further says:

"In our midst, for in the midst of us, is severely criticised on the ground that we cannot possess a midst; the English possessive, in its modern use, being almost exclusively limited to the notion of property (usage approves 'a week's pay'). Old English writers used in the midst."

Possess a midst! Must we, then, give up "in our behalf," "for our sake," "in our rear," etc., because we do not possess a *behalf*, a *sake*, a *rear*? The use of the possessive adjective in the sense of an objective genitive is not uncommon in any language. To illustrate, I quote from general literature:

Sophocles, Trach. 485: *Sen charin* (for *sou*), equivalent to *gratia tua* (for *tui*), for *thy sake* (for *of thee*).

Homer, Od. II., 202: *Sos pothos* (*desiderium tuum*).

Catullus, II., 2: *periculo invidiae meae*.

Cicero, Planc. I., 2: *Vester conspectus reficit et recreat mentem meam* (the sight of you, etc.).

Schiller, "Maria Stuart," III., 4:

"Die fromme Pflicht der Schwester zu erfüllen,
Und meines Anblicks Trost gewäh'r ich euch."

Molière, "Le Misanthrope," 2, 3:

"C'est un homme à jamais ne me le pardonner,
S'il savait que sa vue eût pu m'importuner."

Spenser, "Faerie Queene," III., 27:

"For since mine eye your joyous sight did miss."

Chateaubriand:

"Leur souvenir fait tous les jours
Ma peine" (Remembrance of them, etc.).

"Ich bin's, bin Faust, bin *deines* Gleichen."

"We ne'er shall look upon *his* like again" (*similem ejus*).

"The deep damnation of *his* taking off."

This use of the possessive is not only general,—in this

particular phrase, so unjustly condemned, it is purely idiomatic. Compare the Anglo-Saxon Gospels with the Latin Vulgate:

"*Tha nam he anne cnapan and gesette on hyra middele.*"—Mark IX., 36.

"*Et accipiens puerum statuit eum in medio eorum.*"

Wiclif's literal translation of the Vulgate doubtless had its influence in the more general acceptance of "in the midst of." With the Anglo-Saxon compare the German:

"*Den nehm ich jetzt heraus aus eurer Mitte.*"—Schiller, W. Tell, 3, 3.

— "*dass man den Freund*

Aus eurer Mitte führte."—4, 2.

"*Verschwandten ist meine Bertha . . . aus unsrer Mitte.*"—4, 2.

Whether one should say "in our midst" or "in the midst of us" seems merely a question of style. Both are right.

Comments on other locutions will have to lie over till another time. In conclusion, in the words of Dr. Fitzedward Hall, "Philology is no province of ecclesiastics; it is not a species of theology, half dogmatism and half denunciation. Its materials are facts which admit of rigid verification; and its processes are simple applications of common-sense."

EDWARD A. ALLEN.

Columbia, Mo., August 10, 1896.

THE "PASSIVE VOICE WITH OBJECT" IN JAPANESE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It may interest those readers who followed the discussion of "The Passive Voice with an Object" in your columns, to learn that this is a common construction in the Japanese language. Indeed, it may be said, with reference to the vernacular of this country, that from one point of view it has no passive, but from another point of view its passive is a real one. Professor B. H. Chamberlain, late Professor of Japanese Literature in the Imperial University of Japan, who has no superior, perhaps no equal, as an authority on the language and literature of this nation, says in his "Handbook of Colloquial Japanese": "Properly speaking, the so-called passive is not a passive at all, but an active in disguise. Such a form as *utareru*, for instance, is etymologically *uchi¹ ari² eru³*, as literally as possible, 'to get³ being² beating¹,' i. e., 'to get a beating,' 'to get beaten,' hence 'to be beaten.' . . . Intransitive verbs [also] are susceptible of passive forms, such as *furareru*, 'to get rained upon,' 'to have it rain,' from *furu*, 'to rain.' And yet, though in form the Japanese passive is "an active in disguise," yet in meaning it seems to be a true passive, inasmuch as it represents the suffering or the receiving of an action.

With reference to the use of an object with a passive verb in Japanese, let me quote one or two illustrations from the above-mentioned Handbook. "*Kubi wo hanerareta*" (in which "*wo*" is the accusative postposition) means literally, "Head got-struck-off," i. e., "[He] got [his] head cut off," or loosely, "[His] head was cut off." "*Ashi wo inu ni kuitsukaremashita*" means literally, "Leg dog by [I] have-got-bitten," i. e., "[I] have had [my] leg bitten by a dog," or, "[I] have been bitten in the leg by a dog." The expression, "A dog has bitten [my] leg," would be, "*Inu ga ashi wo kuitsukimashita*."

The examples quoted by "W. H. J." will take the same construction when translated into Japanese. For instance, "He was asked a question" becomes "*Kare wa toi wo kakerareta*"; and "I was taught to sing [singing]" becomes "*Watakushi wa shoka wo oshierareta*."

It will thus be seen that "this logical and well-accredited form of speech," of using an accusative with a passive (transitive) verb, is perhaps even more common in Japanese than in English. And this is not the only instance where the Japanese language is more logical than the English language.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Aug. 1, 1896.

THE JOURNALISM OF PARTS OF SPEECH.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Parts of speech are generally classed amongst small matters by those who fail to realize that they are no smaller to know than to be ignorant of, and that when small matters are pertinent at all, they are as large as the largest matters. The editor of "The Bookman," in answer to the criticism that "none but he could have written" should be "none but him," etc., says that *but* here would be explained, "not as a preposition, but as an adverb, equivalent to 'only'—a common enough usage." As there is no such equivalence and no such usage, the conclusion is irresistible that the editor, though a college professor of Latin, not only cannot tell the parts of speech in English, but does not even know the principle of their classification. There is an adverbial use of *but* in such cases as "If I had but known"; and there is a vulgar colloquialism, not of *but* for *only*, but of *only* for *but*, as in "I never sleep, only at night"; but neither of these cases is analogous to the phrase in question, to which the editor's explanation does not apply. However, assuming that his explanation does apply, the inquiry obtrudes itself, What is the construction of *he*? Being in the nominative case, it cannot fill any of the functions of that case appropriate to the preceding words, and its force must be sought in connection with what follows in sense. Thus tested, *he* is found to be the subject of *could have written*, that verb being read twice, once with *none*; and *but* is proved to be a conjunction, a classification as common as is its prepositional use. An adverb, taking a case, becomes a preposition, and, taking a clause, becomes a conjunction; *but* here takes a clause, and can be explained only as a conjunction: if it were an adverb, it could modify nothing, *he* not being subject to adverbial modification.

The same blunder has been made by the editors of "Latin Readings," published by the American Book Co. On *præter ille Papirius*, they first called *præter* an adverb. Criticism privately offered was resented, and their position defended by various citations; but, in the second issue of the book, the note was changed to read "adverb, used as conjunction."

CASKIE HARRISON.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1896.

A SECOND series of Mr. Charles G. Leland's "Legends of Florence" (Macmillan) should repeat the success scored by its sprightly predecessor. The tales bristle with fancies, quaint, grotesque, gruesome, or bewitching; and Mr. Leland tells them in a quite inimitable way. The folk-lorist, the tourist, and the general reader may alike find their account in these pleasantly diversified pages, which are redolent of the atmosphere of old Florence. The tales are drawn from the fountain-head—from the lips of the common people; and in recording them Mr. Leland has very happily preserved the artless brevity and piquant phrase of the original narrators. The author's explanatory asides are instructing and pleasantly characteristic.

The New Books.

THE DISCOVERY AND NAMING OF AMERICA.*

The apparent motive in the preparation and publication of Mr. Thacher's volume on "The Continent of America" is not difficult to discover. Its author had an ambition to relate the story of the discovery and naming of America on more sumptuous folio pages, set off by a greater wealth of illustration, than any of his predecessors. This cannot be called an unworthy ambition; and, so far as we are acquainted with competing works, it has been gratified. Indeed, in what we regard as its distinguishing feature we do not know that the book has any real competitors. Some of the later historical writers have used a profusion of map reproductions and other illustrations with great advantage in their works; but we recall nothing in its own sphere that can compete with the present work. In these respects, Mr. Thacher bears off the palm. We by no means deny other merits to his book, but the word of praise that has now been spoken is the highest word that can be accorded it.

The author first deals, in three short chapters, with the gradual growth of cosmography and the nomenclature of the old continents. The familiar information about the first topic is illustrated with admirable reproductions of the familiar maps, "The World According to Homer," "The World of Hecateus," etc. Regarding the names of the continents, he has brought together an interesting collection of theories, with a view, apparently, of preparing the way for the congratulatory remark, that Americans not only know for whom their world is called, but the very day and hour of its baptismal ceremony.

The vestibule passed, we find ourselves face to face with one of the two main theses of the book. This is, that Watling Island is the same island that the natives called Guanahani and Columbus renamed San Salvador; or, in other words, that it was the scene of the landfall of October 12, 1492. From a modern point of view, it might seem strange that Guanahani

was ever lost sight of, or that its identity could become doubtful. Such, however, is the fact. The islands that contend for the honor of having been pressed by the Admiral's foot on that memorable morning is not smaller than the number of cities that contended for Homer. But we should not look at the matter from a modern point of view. The discovery of America was an accident, and many subsequent discoveries made in the course of laying it open to the world were also accidents. The discoverers were not self-conscious; often they did not know what they were doing, either because they read what they saw in the light of preconceived ideas, or for some other reason. Columbus and Cabot were both looking for Cathay; their followers on the westward paths were frequently looking for what they did not find — gold, or a passage to Asia, or a favorable seat for a plantation, or a native kingdom to conquer; and why should it be thought strange that they sometimes disregarded, or did not plainly mark, what did not for the time being meet their expectations? Then what havoc time has wrought with the literary memorials of that great period in history! To-day the scientific spirit is first in the mind of the scholar who seeks to follow those paths, but it was commonly last in the minds of those who discovered the paths.

The two letters that he wrote to Santangel and Sanchez, as he neared Spain on his return voyage, are the only contemporary printed accounts, our author tells us, of what Columbus had found in the West. Unfortunately, they throw no light on the spot of the landfall. We know that the Admiral kept a journal of his voyage, and that it was in existence for many years after his death; but it has long been numbered among the lost historical treasures of the world. He wrote to the Catholic Princes that, besides the journal, he should draw up a nautical chart, which would include the several parts of the ocean and land that he visited in their proper situations, and a book to represent the whole by pictures with latitudes and longitudes; but if he executed these works, they also are lost. But, fortunately, Ferdinand Columbus, who had in his possession his father's books and papers, wrote a biography of him (sometimes called the "Historie"), and this book contains an account of the landfall and of the subsequent voyage to Cuba. Again, Las Casas, who knew Columbus personally, and who at one time had the Navigator's manuscript journal in his possession, wrote an account of the first voyage, and this contains a still fuller

*THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA: ITS DISCOVERY AND ITS BAPTISM. An Essay on the Nomenclature of the Old Continents. A Bibliographical Inquiry into the Naming of America and into the Growth of the Cosmography of the New World; together with an Attempt to Establish the Landfall of Columbus on Watling Island, and Subsequent Discoveries and Explorations on the Main Land by Americus Vesputius. By John Boyd Thacher. New York: William Evarts Benjamin.

account of the landfall and connected transactions. Still, there are unpleasant questions hanging around these documents, or rather the first one: Ferdinand's "Historie" was not published until 1571, and Las Casas's abridgment of the journal not until 1825.

How, then, shall the inquirer proceed in his effort to identify Guanahani? Mr. Thacher lays down three methods. One is to apply to the Bahama Islands the physical descriptions of Guanahani found in Ferdinand Columbus and Las Casas; another is to trace the course of the fleet backward from Cuba by means of the sailing memoranda found in the same works; the third is to follow the history of the voyage from the Canaries to Cuba and note the distances sailed. The third method might seem to be the best one, but it fails completely. "At whatever island in the Bahama group we attempt to land by this reckoning, we find his log has overrun it by many miles"—Watling Island by 317 miles. According to the method of his time, Columbus estimated his distances, and, like most other estimators, fell into exaggeration. Mr. Thacher holds that both the first and second methods of identification point conclusively to Watling Island; and, to give the reader an opportunity to judge of the argument for himself, he gives many pages of Ferdinand's history and Las Casas's abridgment of the journal, first the Spanish originals and then translations. Great names can be quoted in favor of other identifications; but Mr. Thacher errs, if he errs, with a majority of the best later authorities.

To most readers, Guanahani is but a name. This short quotation will help to make it a reality, provided always the identification is correct.

"Watling Island has a political existence. Its population of 673 souls unite with the 367 inhabitants of Ram Cay to form a constituency which sends one member to the House of Assembly for the Bahama Islands. The seat of local government is in the island of New Providence. It is said that at one time the island was celebrated for its live stock, and in particular horses, cargoes of these being sent annually to Jamaica. The principal settlement in the island is Cockburn Town, at the point where we find the landfall. It has a sea approach, with a good and easy anchorage. On Dixon Hill, on the northeast end, is a lighthouse with the most powerful light in the Bahamas. It is situated in latitude $24^{\circ} 6'$ and in longitude $74^{\circ} 26'$ " (p. 58).

Mr. Thacher next takes up a question that is more difficult, and historically more important, than the identification of Guanahani. It is one of the vexed questions of early American history, and starts up at once at mention

of Americus Vesputius. This navigator has been most unfortunate. No one who reads the later books for a moment accepts the old tradition, to the effect that Vesputius attempted to rob Columbus of the glory of discovering America; still, there is a Vesputian controversy, and a very strenuous one. The question is whether or not Vesputius first discovered the American continent. The competition does not lie between him and Columbus, but between him and John Cabot. Mr. Thacher sets Cabot aside in the following summary fashion:

"If the voyage of John Cabot, alleged to have been made in the spring of 1497, to what is now the coast of the United States was worthy of credence, the ten days between May 10, as given in the primitive text, and May 20, as in the Latin translation of the St. Dié edition, would be of the first importance in order to land our Americus on the continent of America in advance of the Genoese-Bristol sailor. Henry Harrisse has so effectually disposed of the claims of the Cabots that no scholar to-day seriously contends for English priority in continental discoveries" (p. 70).

The old story is that Cabot made his landfall on June 24, 1497. The 10th and 20th of May are the days on which, according to different texts, Vesputius sailed from Cadiz on the so-called Vesputian voyage of that year; and when we reflect on the distance from Cadiz to the coast of Honduras, we see the importance of the discrepancy in the dates. If Vesputius is to be brought to Honduras before the 24th of June, the ten days will be found extremely convenient. But Mr. Thacher says that Mr. Harrisse has so discredited the Cabot voyage that no scholar now thinks of regarding it. Now what is the fact? Mr. Harrisse's last word on the subject is found in his work entitled "John Cabot the Discoverer of North America, and Sebastian his Son" (London, 1896). If the title of this work be not sufficient, then the first sentence of the preface will certainly answer the purpose: "In the year 1497, a Venetian citizen called Giovanni Caboto, having obtained letters patent from Henry the Seventh the year previous for a voyage of discovery, crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and, under the British flag, discovered the continent of North America." Mr. Harrisse subjects the Cabot documents to the most searching criticism and corrects many things that he holds to be false in the Cabot tradition. He attacks both the moral and professional character of Sebastian Cabot with unsparing severity. He does not, however, attack John Cabot, but rather accords to him, fully and without reservation, the honor of being the discoverer of North

America. He seeks to show that Cabot made his landfall on the coast of Labrador, and not on Cape Breton Island. He contends that he made it earlier than June 24. Still, he holds expressly, not only that Cabot discovered the continent, but that on his two voyages, 1497 and 1498, he sailed along its front from Cape Chudley in the North to Florida in the South (see the two maps, pp. 110-111, 140-41). What shall we say, then? Mr. Thacher says that Mr. Harrisse has made it impossible for a scholar to take Cabot seriously. If this be so, then Mr. Harrisse has indeed discredited himself, for he certainly takes Cabot seriously. It is therefore clear, either that Mr. Thacher is ignorant of Mr. Harrisse's last work on the Cabots, or that he allows his zeal, to put it mildly, to outrun his judgment.

Mr. Thacher arranges in order the voyages to America previous to the publication of Juan de La Cosa's famous map of 1500. He puts at the head of his list, of course, the first and second voyages of Columbus, 1492, 1493; then comes the first so-called Vespuccian voyage, 1497; next the two Cabot voyages, 1497, 1498; then follow the third of Columbus, 1498, and the second of Vespuccius, 1499. He then makes the following claim for his hero:

"The first voyage of Vespuccius began May 10, 1497. The door of the continent was thus opened by the Florentine adventurer for the first time. On this voyage Americus landed on the Bay of Honduras, having passed to the south of Cuba, thus proving to himself and La Cosa, the pilot of Columbus on the first two voyages, that it was an island; skirted the Gulf of Mexico, rounded Florida, and skirted the coast as far as Cape Hatteras in 36° of north latitude" (p. 200).

This is a controverted matter. The question is not merely whether Vespuccius landed on the coast of Honduras a few days before Cabot landed on the coast of Labrador, but whether Vespuccius visited the new world at all that year. The subject is involved in numerous difficulties, involving the genuineness, authenticity, and integrity of documents, and perhaps also the veracity of the explorer. The two foremost American writers who have recently dealt with the subject are Dr. Justin Winsor and Mr. John Fiske. Dr. Winsor does not allow the Florentine's claim. He says it is "at the best but an enforced method of clarifying the published texts concerning the voyages, in the hopes of finding something like consistency in their dates. Any commentator who undertakes to get at the truth must necessarily give himself up to some sort of conjecture, not only as respects the varied inconsistencies of the nar-

rative, but also as regards the manifold blunders of the printer of the little book which records the voyages." And again he writes that it was in 1499 that Vespuccius "seemingly" embarked for the first time to the new world, "since it is likely that out of this expedition the alleged voyage of his in 1497 has been made to appear by some perversion of chronology" ("Christopher Columbus," pp. 337, 341, 373). Mr. Fiske, on the other hand, contends stoutly for the genuineness of the voyage. He brings Vespuccius to Cape Honduras on June 21, and into the Bay on the 24th. Referring to Cabot, he says that Vespuccius probably saw the continent two or three days before him. "The question may have interest for readers fond of such trifles" ("The Discovery of America," Vol. II., p. 87, note). The question is indeed a "trifle" in itself, but when writers occupy themselves with it they should try to be accurate. Mr. Fiske is inconsistent with himself, for he says, in another place (Vol. II., p. 23): "John Cabot was probably the first commander since the days of the vikings to set foot upon the continent of North America." Into the real merits of the case we cannot enter. It will be for the specialists to say whether Mr. Thacher has relieved a difficult subject of any of its difficulties. He has certainly made a bad beginning in his misrepresentation of the view of Mr. Harrisse.

The breadth of the author's treatment can be readily shown. He has dealt "with the life of Vespuccius, with an account of his voyages, and an attempt to establish the landfall on the continent of North America"; "the first voyage of Vespuccius, its published narration with the Italian, Latin, and English texts of the first part of the famous letter" [to Lorenzo de Medici]; "the baptismal font of America, St. Dié, the little town in the Vosges mountains where the new world was christened"; "the 'Cosmographie Introductio,' the book which conferred the name America, with a review of the four alleged editions printed at St. Dié in 1507." Then follow parts VII. and VIII., "Scientific Geography" and the "Cartography of the New World." It remains only to add that Mr. Thacher's reproductions of documents and of maps, many of them in *fac simile*, give a substantial value to his volume quite apart from the value of his conclusions as to Watling Island and the priority of the discovery of North America.

B. A. HINSDALE.

A SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHER AND AMERICAN COLLEGE PRESIDENT.*

Although Professor Sloane's "Life of James McCosh" is chiefly autobiographical, as its title-page announces, the editor has shown both taste and skill in the admirable manner in which he has arranged and woven together his material. He writes sympathetically, but his praise is never extravagant, and one lays down the book with regret that so charming a story is not longer.

Dr. McCosh's ancestors were farmers in southwestern Scotland, with the picturesque and rugged virtues made familiar to us in the writings of Barrie and Maclaren. He was born near the river Doon, in April, 1811, and he thought that the wild mountain scenery, the romantic glens, lakes, and meadows of his native place were responsible for his intense love of out-door life and nature. His picture of the Scotch people, given in the second chapter, is well drawn.

"Of all the people I have met with, the Scotch have the least of what we call 'manners' in their intercourse with the members of their family, with their neighbors, and with the world generally. The Scot loves his wife and family, and would make any sacrifice for them, but he seldom or never utters a word of compliment to them. He doubts the sincerity of such words and acts, and is apt to regard them as hypocrisy, having some selfish end in view, and speaks of them as Frenchified and unworthy of an honest Scotchman. I confess I have often been repelled by the cool manner in which Scotch people, after long absences or in critical emergencies, often meet with each other. I remember going up to a most excellent man to comfort him when he was trying to restrain his tears as he hung over the body of his son, just deceased. I was chilled when all that he could utter was, 'This is a fine day, sir.' We can thus account for some of the oddities of Thomas Carlyle."

Dr. McCosh speaks of the high degree of intelligence among the common people of Scotland, and attributes it to the work and influence of John Knox.

"He insisted on having a school in every parish, an academy in every burgh town, and a university in every large city. In every school the Bible was taught; in some districts it was the Book of Proverbs that was used as a text-book, and helped to give the people their shrewdness. This education did not and could not produce the genius of Burns, of Scott, or Carlyle, but it came out in the massive sense by which they were distinguished among literary people."

He dwells upon the prevalence of the drinking habit at that time, to which even the minister was often addicted, and of immorality among young men and women; remarking that "it is

* THE LIFE OF JAMES MCCOSH. A Record, Chiefly Autobiographical. Edited by William Milligan Sloane. With Portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

easy to see how, under these circumstances, young Robert Burns was so easily led astray by the flax-dresser of Irvine, when he went to live there."

James McCosh was sent to school at the age of six, and was intended by his father for the ministry. The boy himself seems not to have had any very strong and impelling motive in this direction. He says he did not care much for farming, nor for mixing drugs and visiting the sick, nor for the law, as he "disliked wrangling." But he was always fond of books and of acquiring knowledge on all sorts of subjects, and he looked to the ministry as a means of gratifying these tastes. "I felt all the while that if I was to be a minister, I must be pious. Often, therefore, did I dedicate myself to God, praying earnestly, but not regularly or systematically." His father died when the boy was nine years old, and at thirteen he was sent to Glasgow University. The five years spent there are chiefly remarkable because it was during this period that his taste for philosophy asserted itself and the ambition was formed to win fame in this field. He made few acquaintances at Glasgow, devoting himself exclusively to books, and reading with avidity everything that appeared from the pens of Scott, Moore, and Byron. In his philosophical investigations he took up Hume and Combe; and it is interesting to note that it was after perusing these authors that this lad, not yet sixteen years old, formed the plan of his life work. "Thoughts on the Method of the Divine Government were already floating in his mind," his biographer tells us. He was also making observations that were to be of great use to him in his future relations with students and colleges. Although the instruction at Glasgow was not above mediocrity in some respects, a great many original written exercises were positively required from each student, and Dr. McCosh was so impressed with the value of this literary training that he laid great stress on it years afterwards at Belfast and Princeton. He learned another thing that was helpful to him in his relations with young men. During his five years at Glasgow, although he was an able and conscientious student, not one of the professors ever showed him any attention; and his case was not unique. He felt that this isolated life of the young men was abnormal and dangerous, and at Princeton it was one of his chief aims to know personally all the students, and to have them all feel his interest in them. Says his biographer:

"The notion that a professor's duty began and ended

with the instruction of his class-room was abhorrent to him. He thought it the most serious problem of the higher education to secure the oversight and unremitting care of students, without espionage or any injudicious interference with the liberty of the young men."

The years from 1829 to 1834 were spent at Edinburgh, and we are told that the magnet which drew him thither was the teaching of Dr. Thomas Chalmers, then professor of theology in the most famous of the Scotch universities. Other attractions were the beautiful surroundings of the city, the numerous historic associations, and the fact that it was then the home of many eminent men, chief among them being the "Great Unknown," as Scott was called.

"I was never introduced to him, but I could get quite a near view of him when he occupied his place as Clerk of the Court of Session. As he sat there he had at times little or nothing to do, and his countenance, though pleasant, was then somewhat heavy and dull. But the young barristers were proud to have a brief talk with him, and to hear a story from him. He was always willing to gratify them, and as he roused himself his countenance was lighted up like the morning sky."

There are also fine sketches of Francis Jeffrey, "Christopher North," Sir William Hamilton, and others. Dr. McCosh regarded Chalmers as, upon the whole, the greatest man he ever met, and expressed the opinion that he exercised a greater influence for good on his countrymen than any minister since John Knox. "He made the old Calvinistic creed of Scotland look reasonable and philosophic, generous and loveable."

The atmosphere of Edinburgh was literary and philosophical, and the young man had many advantages that Glasgow had not afforded. The professors invited him to their homes, and on Friday evenings he had a standing invitation to take tea with the great Chalmers. His studies in philosophy were prosecuted with renewed zeal, and he prepared "the ribs of what, in after years, when clothed in flesh and blood," became his work on "The Method of the Divine Government." The students had meetings, too, where they discussed all sorts of subjects. "But," adds this always thoughtful and rigidly self-examining young man, "some of us did not inquire into our spiritual state before God as we should have done. Yet there were times when we did so."

The experiences of the young minister in his first two pastoral charges are related with delightful freedom and simplicity, and a full account is given of the great Disruption of the Church of Scotland. Dr. McCosh was one of

the organizers of the Free Church, and he regarded this as the greatest event of his life. Perhaps his most distinguishing characteristic was an absolute devotion to truth. In its service he was utterly unselfish, and the straightforward way in which he describes his labors in aid of the new movement is very impressive.

During these exciting scenes he yet found time to pursue his favorite studies, and in 1850 appeared his long-dreamed-of "Method of the Divine Government," which attracted widespread attention, and procured for its author a call to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast. He was loth, however, to leave his ministerial office, which was agreeable to him, and in which he knew he was doing a good work; but the opportunity to follow his natural bent, and to appeal to and impress young men, was too tempting to be refused. His labors in the alums of Belfast, his active interest in the workingmen, his careful study of educational systems, and his outspoken sympathy with the North in our late war, show that his time outside of the class-room was fully occupied.

Four chapters of the work are given to Princeton, where Dr. McCosh took the President's chair in 1868. It is inspiring to read the account of his life and work in this university. In conversation with Princeton men, one is always struck with the tone of veneration and real affection in which they speak of "the Doctor," and after reading this book one does not wonder at it. It was a great work that he did, as president, author, teacher, leader in church discussions, and citizen, interested in all the things that make for the bettering of humanity. A very striking trait was his open-mindedness. He always turned his face toward the light, kept watch of the signs of the times, and was ready to take up his stakes and set them farther along. He had the courage of his convictions. He had the highest regard for Augustine as a great thinker, but deplored his "superstitions." He was unwilling to be classed as an Augustinian or a Calvinist, and freely criticised both Calvin and Jonathan Edwards. In his later life he favored a revision of the Westminster confession of faith, referring to some passages in it as "knotty, crabbed, and hard to digest." There was a vein of sentiment in his nature, and his sighs over a young man hardened in vice were those of a father, and tears of joy sprang unbidden to his eyes on the return of a prodigal. When the fight of the churches against Evolution was at its

height, Dr. McCosh had the courage to defend the latter, and became a peacemaker by showing that it was not irreconcilable with Christianity.

In 1888, at the age of seventy-seven, he resigned his Presidency, not because of physical or mental infirmities, or because he felt the responsibilities of his position burdensome, but because, says Professor Sloane, "he feared lest the infirmities of old age might gradually cloud his judgment, lest the advancement of Princeton might thus suffer a check, lest the dignity and influence of a long life might be impaired by feebleness at its close." He delivered numerous public addresses after that time, and during the last three years of his life jotted down the notes which form the basis of the present volume. He passed away November 16, 1894. His was a life inwrought in the lives of many, "like a fine gold thread in an endless tapestry." That it was singularly pure and noble and earnest, means that these qualities were sown by him wherever he went; for he influenced others to an uncommon degree. It is wholesome to read such a biography as this, and it will undoubtedly have a large circulation on both sides of the Atlantic. The work is beautifully executed from a mechanical point of view, and the five pictures add greatly to its interest and attractiveness. The last of the portraits, taken at the age of eighty-one, is the best of them all, and one turns to it again and again as to the face of a venerated father and friend.

GRACE JULIAN CLARKE.

CHILD-STUDY IN EDUCATIONAL WORK.*

Teaching is an art; teachers are artists, and those who would enter the "profession" should recognize the necessity of special training for the work. The American public is slowly coming to see that education is not simply a formal process; that a teacher needs something more than the capacity to read a text-book prescribed by an unscientific board, and to hear the children "recite" their lessons; that the education of young children is one of the most important subjects that can occupy the public mind, that it should be in the hands of experts, and that it is worth paying for. It may be

*STUDIES OF CHILDHOOD. By James Sully, M.A., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE CHILD AND CHILDHOOD IN FOLK-THOUGHT. By Alexander Francis Chamberlain, M.A., Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

true that the ideal teacher, like the poet, is born, not made; but it is equally true, as Mr. C. D. Warner recently remarked, that industry, training, and the right method will do wonders in the education of a teacher. "Under our present way of running the educational machine, tens of thousands of 'hands' are employed, at low wages, who would be much more appropriately placed if they were tending spinning-jennies."

Perhaps nothing in our modern life is having a stronger influence in turning the work of school education, particularly of the younger children, into the hands of experts, than the movement for child-study; certainly nothing tends so directly to strengthen the *esprit de corps* among teachers, and to raise the profession to a dignity like that enjoyed by law, medicine, and theology. On the other hand, few "movements" are fraught with more serious immediate dangers from unscientific work. It is primarily to meet these dangers that Professor Sully has written his "Studies of Childhood." He pleads in the preface that the book is not a complete treatise on child-psychology, but merely deals with certain aspects of children's minds which happen to have come under his notice and to have had a special interest for him. He nevertheless proceeds in successive chapters to cover systematically the entire field of child life, from the time of the earliest imaginings, through the dawn of reason and the age of questioning, until definite products of child-thought are reached — thoughts of nature, of self, of God, of mind, matter, and morality. Through it all, Professor Sully is calling attention repeatedly to our present inaccurate or incomplete notions of the child's way of thinking of men and things—its doll, the colors of things, number, etc.; and of the difficulty of acquiring the desired knowledge. The author confesses that, in spite of some recently published highly hopeful forecasts of what child-psychology is going to do for us, he thinks we are a long way off from a perfectly scientific account of it. Our so-called theories of children's mental activity have often been hasty generalizations from imperfect observation. The sentimental adoration of infant ways, amounting almost to baby-worship, is highly inimical to the carrying out of a perfectly cool and impartial process of scientific observation. Moreover, a child is very quick in spying whether he is observed, and as soon as he suspects that you are specially interested in his talk the chances are he will try to produce an

effect, and it becomes difficult to measure the result of the outside influence thus brought to bear on his mind. Similarly, it wants much fine judgment to say whether an infant is merely stumbling accidentally on an articulate sound, or is imitating you. Again, children are by no means so open to view as is often supposed. All kinds of shy reticences hamper them; they feel unskilled in using our cumbersome language; they soon find out that their thoughts are not as ours, but often make us laugh.

For these and other similar reasons resulting from the nature of the observed, or of those who are in the best position to make observations,—the mothers,—Professor Sully is inclined to be somewhat pessimistic regarding the results of the study of child-psychology. A third of his book, however, is devoted to an effort at understanding the child's method of expressing his thought with tongue and pencil; and nearly a hundred pages of fine print are given to extracts from a diary in which some loving father has chronicled the doings and sayings of his small boy, covering a period of six years, the boy being, according to Mr. Sully, apparently a normal and satisfactory specimen of his class,—healthy, good-natured, and given to that infantile way of relieving his animal spirits known as "crowing." That there is good reason for hopefulness on the part of students of childhood is also shown by Professor Sully's account of George Sand's childhood, with which he closes the volume.

If anyone is disposed still to doubt the importance of a scientific study of children, he need but glance at the table of contents of Mr. Chamberlain's book on "The Child and Childhood in Folk-Thought." The work is a most scholarly treatise, the author having searched all literature, and gathered from every people the evidences of the child's activity in primitive society, and the survival of that activity in the social institutions and culture-movements of to-day. His object is to treat of the child from a point of view hitherto entirely neglected, to exhibit what the world owes to childhood and to the motherhood and the fatherhood which it occasions, to indicate the position of the child in the march of civilization among the various races of men, and to estimate the influence which the child-idea and its accompaniments have had upon sociology, mythology, religion, language; for the touch of the child is upon them all, and the debt of humanity to the little children has not yet been told. They

have figured in the world's history and its folklore as "magi" and "medicine-men," as priests and oracle-keepers, as physicians and healers, as teachers and judges, as saints, heroes, discoverers, and inventors, as musicians and poets, actors and laborers in many fields of human activity; have been compared to the foolish and to the most wise, have been looked upon as fetiches and as gods, as the fit sacrifice to offended Heaven, and as the saviors and regenerators of mankind (page 6). A chapter at once interesting and instructive is devoted to the child in each one of this curious medley of characters—as member and builder of society, as judge, hero, and divinity; the excellence of the matter presented being surpassed only by the manner in which the author has offered it for the use both of the advanced student and the general reader. The work closes with half a dozen chapters of proverbs from every tongue for the one, and a bibliography of over five hundred titles for the other; not the least valuable feature of the book for either being the three indexes, which cover thirty pages. Child-study is certainly profitable and scientific if it leads to presenting a fund of information in such serviceable form.

ARTHUR BURNHAM WOODFORD.

THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF WOMEN.*

It has been the ill-luck of women in the past to be credited with qualities that placed them on a plane apart: at one time, as by the early Church, they have been endowed with a sub-human wickedness; at another, as by the age of Chivalry, they have been invested with a super-human virtue. St. Chrysostom pronounced woman to be "a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill." Chivalry arose, creating an ideal womanhood that stirred the imagination and the poetic fancy, and then raised it to a pinnacle where it was impossible for the actual woman to remain. Thus, both priest and knight did woman a great wrong. Whether as the "painted ill" of the Father's imagination, or as the immaculate star of the romanticist, she was equally cut off from all chance of development.

Whatever the faults of the present age, it is under no delusions with regard to the humanity

* *WOMEN IN ENGLISH LIFE, FROM MEDIEVAL TO MODERN TIMES.* By Georgiana Hill. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

of woman. There are few trials, difficulties, or unpleasantnesses that she escapes on the score of sex. She is not considered incapable of bearing a part in the common life of the world on account of any ethereal qualities, nor is she held up before men's eyes as a temptation to be made war upon. In the place of mere gallantry on the part of men, and coquetry on the part of women, there is now the simpler and healthier relation of comradeship.

Except in the case of the sovereigns and a few heads of great families, English historians have given little attention to the place held by women as factors in the life of the nation. Accordingly the new book on "Women in English Life," by Miss Georgiana Hill, covers an almost new field. In it are depicted the chief causes and consequences of changes in the status of women, prominence being given to domestic life, as embracing the larger number and as not having been summed up in the numerous accounts of noteworthy women.

The position of women in England cannot be regarded as an orderly evolution. It does not show unvarying progress from age to age. There have been breaks and gaps in the general advance, so that certain periods appear at a disadvantage in comparison with their predecessors. For example, in the old days of feudalism, it is evident that in the eye of the law women ranked on an equality with men. Narrow as was the view taken by legislators of their industrial life, and absurd as many of their enactments seem now, it was reserved for modern times to set up an artificial barrier between the sexes, to push the working woman down a step, and rank her with children and "young persons." The ancient guilds knew no distinctions of sex. They were formed in the interest of the trading community, for purposes of mutual help, and were as much for the benefit of the "sisteren" as the "bretheren." The attitude of these early guilds toward women was essentially different from that of the modern trade unions, and more liberal. In their ordinances relating to labor, everywhere the principle of equality is apparent. Not until later did the theory arise that women are competitors, not co-workers with men, and that it is better for women to be dependent upon their male relatives than to make their own way in the world — a theory which still has its supporters, but is having much trouble to hold its own in the face of a surplus female population, and certain other insistent facts.

Another curious variation in public senti-

ment appears in regard to learning. In the sixteenth century, learning among women was held in high esteem; in the eighteenth, it was counted something to be ashamed of; in the nineteenth, it again finds favor. During England's great literary renaissance of the sixteenth century, women stand out prominently among the ranks of scholars. It was not thought unfeminine to speak good Latin, write correct Greek, or translate from the Hebrew. To be sure, they had the advantage of having their attention concentrated on a few subjects. There was less arithmetic and history and geography taught than is now imparted in the district schoolhouse. The curriculum of a lady of rank did not include many things that have now become matters of common knowledge among the children of the working-class. On the other hand, the education, if narrow according to modern ideas, was thorough; without the stimulus of college life, competitive examinations, or the prospect of rewards and honors in the shape of degrees, the attainments of women in the sixteenth century, in the subjects to which they had access, were of a high order; and their knowledge of the classics was more intimate and exact than that produced by the higher education of the present day.

After the rigorous and healthy awakening in the time of the Tudors, a period of reaction set in. The seventeenth century combined all the faults of all the ages — laxity of morals, indifference to high aims, together with religious fanaticism and a lack of appreciation of knowledge and learning. By that time, Shakespeare was considered out of date and vulgar by an age of fops and *élégantes* who could read Wycherley without blushing. James I., though a professed pedant, was adverse in every way to the progress of women. He treated them as inferiors, with ponderous levity, and nothing was further from his mind than the giving of any encouragement to the cultivation of learning among the ladies of his court. One scholar, writing to the Duchess of Newcastle, speaks of authorship as an "inferior employment," unmeet for the rank and qualities of a lady like her Grace.

The Puritan movement served to retard the intellectual advance of women. Under the sway of Puritanism, women were taught that all nature's gifts to mind or body were so many snares, and that true life consisted in crushing out all aims and desires not connected with the saving of the soul. A catch, a song, a dance, were looked upon as destructive of modesty, and only

fitted "for them that live in the lusts of the world." It was little wonder that, with learning at a discount, and accomplishments denounced as sinful, women became frivolous and narrow. The light-hearted, in rebellion against the austerities of their Puritan neighbors, plunged into excesses, and the more serious subsided into a round of domestic drudgery.

Far back in the days of the Lancastrians may be traced the progenitors of the political woman. They did not shrink from "memorials" and "petitions," even when these involved a good deal of publicity. Everything that concerned their families or the commonweal they felt to be within their "sphere," and the idea that politics was the concern of one sex alone had no place in their minds. That complex creature known as "the New Woman," to whom is ascribed, among other things, an unfeminine taste for politics, is not so modern after all.

Arriving at a view of women in the Victorian Era, we are shown what English women have done and are doing as travellers and explorers, in literature, art, trade, business, as factory hands, domestic servants, nurses, doctors, and in public and political life. Plainly, the Victorian age resembles the Elizabethan in being a time when the nation has cast its intellectual shell and become a new creature. Family and social life are affected as much as intellectual progress. The conception of woman's place in society has undergone a process of re-making in this century. Domestic life has so changed that the old role of the wife as the home-keeper must be modified. To spend the best hours of the day in what is called "looking after the house" is an anomaly in the present stage of civilization. In olden times, women had to superintend and take part in a dozen operations that are now performed in factories and workshops, and of which the modern housewife sees only the results. Many women who are not compelled to earn a living prefer to assume some daily outside occupation that enables them to keep up a more luxurious home and releases them from the monotony of sewing and household work, and gives them also some definite purpose and interest. The many excellent folk who tremble lest the world shall suffer from the adoption by women of modes of life unsanctioned by tradition may be consoled by the reflection that Nature is stronger than fashion or opinion, and will at once make her voice heard whenever the lightest of her laws is transgressed. ANNA BENNESON McMAHAN.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.*

In reviewing the poetical product of a few weeks or months, it is often difficult to determine what name should be honored with the first place among those that call for mention. There are so many minor poets who write about as well as one another — and all upon the same dead level of mediocrity — that to prefer one of them to his fellows seems invidious. Happily, no such perplexity assails us upon the present occasion, for the greatest name among all those of poets now living stands upon our list, and must stand in the forefront of this survey. A somewhat larger silence than has been usual separates Mr. Swinburne's new volume from its immediate predecessor, but such gifts as he alone may bring us are worth waiting for, and all the more precious for the delay. "The Tale of Balen" is a long narrative poem, and, like the only other poem of this character to be found in the extensive list of Mr. Swinburne's works, has drawn for its material upon the rich storehouse of Arthurian legend. The chapters of Malory's "Morte Darthur" numbered 26 to 44 in the first volume of Wright's edition have provided the poet with both the frame-

* THE TALE OF BALEN. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PURPLE EAST. A Series of Sonnets on England's Desertion of Armenia. By William Watson. New York: Stone & Kimball.

MY SEA, and Other Poems. By the Hon. Roden Noel. Chicago: Way & Williams.

SONG FAVOURS. By C. W. Dalmon. Chicago: Way & Williams.

LEVIORE PLECTRO. Occasional Verses. By Alfred Cochran. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

LAYS AND VERSES. By Nimmo Christie. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

ODES. By Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia: The Author.

SONGS OF THE SOUL. By Joaquin Miller. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co.

UNDERTONES. By Madison Cawein. Boston: Copeland & Day.

SOUL AND SENSE. By Hannah Parker Kimball. Boston: Copeland & Day.

AN OATEN PIPE. By James B. Kenyon. New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons.

SONGS OF A FOOL, and Other Verses. By Geraldine Meyrick. San Jose, California: The Author.

VERSES. By Mary Wright Plummer. Cleveland: Lempert, Hilliard & Hopkins.

AMERICA LIBERATA. By Robert H. Vickers. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

THE LAMP OF GOLD. By Florence L. Snow. Chicago: Way & Williams.

THE PILGRIM, and Other Poems. By Sophie Jewett. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE ROAD TO CASTALY. By Alice Brown. Boston: Copeland & Day.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER. Being Stanford Rhymes by Carolus Ager (Charles Kellogg Field). San Francisco: William Doxey.

HILLS OF SONG. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Copeland & Day.

LYRICS OF EARTH. By Archibald Lampman. Boston: Copeland & Day.

work and the substance of his book. Unlike Tennyson, who in his supplementary idyl of "Balin and Balan," used the text of Malory in a merely suggestive way, Mr. Swinburne has kept close to his model, and in many passages gives us the words of Malory with only the most trifling changes. For example, we read in the "Morte Darthur":

"And Balen smote him with such a might that it went through his shield, and perished the hawberke, and so peared through his body and the horse croupe, and Balin anone turned his horse fierly, and drew out his sword, and wist not that he had slaine him, and then he saw him lye as a dead corps."

In "The Tale of Balen" this becomes:

"But Balen's spear through Lancelot's shield
Clove as a ploughshare cleaves the field
And pierced the hauberk triple-steeld,
That horse with horseman stricken reeled,
And as a storm-breached rock falls, fell.
And Balen turned his horse again
And wist not yet his foe lay slain,
And saw him dead that sought his bane
And wrought and fared not well."

In many passages, of course, the author gives himself a freer hand than this, and paraphrase almost melts into original poetry. We quote once more:

"For in that place was part of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ that Joseph of Arimathy brought into this land; and there himself lay in that rich bed."

Transmuted into the gold of Mr. Swinburne's song, this becomes:

"For in that chamber's wondrous shrine
Was part of Christ's own blood, the wine
Shed of the true triumphal vine
Whose growth bids earth's deep darkness shine
As heaven's deep light through the air and sea;
That mystery toward our northern shore
Arimathean Joseph bore
For healing of our sins of yore
That grace even there might be."

The poet becomes strictly himself only in a few stanzas introductory to the several sections of the work. He gives us in this way a new "Song of Four Seasons," more beautiful, if that be possible, than the old. This is the stanza that sings of winter:

"In winter, when the year burns low
As fire wherein no firebrands glow,
And winds dishevel as they blow
The lovely stormy wings of snow,
The hearts of northern men burn bright
With joy that mocks the joy of spring
To hear all heaven's keen clarions ring
Music that bids the spirit sing
And day give thanks for night."

Enough has been quoted to illustrate the extraordinary beauty of this noble poem, as well as its technical mastery of a difficult stanzaic form. A word should be said of the tragic atmosphere in which the work is bathed, of the solemn sense of impending doom that deepens as we follow the fortunes of the fated knight, of the pity and chastened pathos of the tale. Mr. Swinburne has done no deeper work than this, and hardly any work more infused with sheer loveliness of conception and performance. It asserts once more his now indisputable title to

the supreme place among living singers, not only of his own country, but of the whole world.

There is a fine rhetoric—albeit somewhat touched with hysteria—in Mr. Watson's Armenian sonnets, "The Purple East"; whether there is in them poetry of a high order is questionable. They are also very uneven; "The Turk in Armenia," for example, and "England to America" are of a far finer inspiration than most of the others. We quote the former of these two:

"What profits it, O England, to prevail
In camp and mart and council, to bestrew
With argosies thy oceans, and renew
With tribute levied on each golden gale
Thy treasures, if thou canst hear the wail
Of women martyred by the turbaned crew
Whose tenderest mercy was the sword that slew,
And left no hand to wield the purging flail?
We deemed of old thou held'st a charge from Him
Who watches girdled by this seraphim,
To smite the wronger with thy destined rod.
Wait'st thou His sign? Enough, the unanswered cry
Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high
The gathering blackness of the frown of God!"

Of course, Mr. Watson's view of the whole Armenian situation is the product of emotion unbalanced by calm consideration of the facts.

A very noble poem, "Natura Naturans," and a dozen shorter pieces, make up the contents of Roden Noel's posthumous volume. Among the minor poets of the recent period, Noel had a distinct place, and the quality of his utterance was individual, although his affinities with the Wordsworthian school were obvious enough. The friend who writes the introductory note for this modest collection claims more than may reasonably be allowed for his poet in ranking him "with the greatest of his contemporaries," yet his analysis of Noel's delicate poetic endowment is sympathetic and helpful. In "Natura Naturans," he says with justice, "we find a fine philosophical veneration for nature (so far removed from a mere sensuous appreciation of her beauty) fully exemplified. And we may note in passing how the poet does not hesitate, in this poem, and in many others, to touch upon much that may seem ironical or cruel in nature, or even to explore the darker shadows of life." The passage which speaks of the maiden driven to suicide by despair may be quoted in illustration of the above dictum, as well as of the rich quality of the poet's diction.

"Mid gorgeous autumn gold she creeps to die;
All the deep forest burns with wondrous fires;
The low red sun glares like God's angry eye,
Through black contorted boughs, whose leafy lyres
Are muttering veiled oracles on high,
While she flits haggard through rain-sodden mires,
Her heart a-flame; wild-eyed and pale she fares;
The branches pluck at her the while she goes;
Few songsters warble where the hectic flares,
But on a wine-dark bramble the wind blows
Some soft gray down blood-reddened; an owl scares
Her hooting from the hollow oak; she knows
That place too well; the lake is at her feet,
Where she and he lay lapped in heaven's bliss!"

A calmer and perhaps a deeper mood of the poet is revealed in the following verses from "Midnight":

"Young Love, who leaps to life like Rhine,
Child of the hills, reverberates morn,
With laughter and with joy divine,
Exulting only to be born,
He crowned, abounding, feeds with corn
The races, warms their hearts with wine,
Yet the life that blest the lands
Dies dwindled in ignoble sands."

Noel's technique is imperfect, as the editor admits and these lines witness; but the subtlety of his thought atones in part for this defect, although not to the extent claimed. And it is a poor and disingenuous apology to assert that "sustained perfection" is "more often the result of artifice than art." Those who require "sustained perfection" in poetry do not mean the perfection of artifice, and are not to be deceived by it.

The next book calling for notice upon our list is Mr. C. W. Dalmon's "Song Favours," and we must quote, for its very appositeness, the lines written in memory of Roden Noel, and called "The Flight of the White Bird."

"The golden bowl lies broken on the floor.
The silver cord is loos'd: earthbound no more,
Our White Bird flies out seaward from the shore.

"Knew you the Blessed Island, fisherman?
Its cliffs are hung with harps Æolian.
Our White Bird seeks it at the call of Pan.

"The silver cord is loos'd — if daylight fail?
Our White Bird needs no guiding mast or sail;
He knows the secret of the nightingale.

"His sad mates settle round the temple door
To coo among the lilies on the floor.
Our White Bird flies out seaward from the shore."

This is, however, less characteristic of Mr. Dalmon's work than such a song as "Parson Herrick's Muse," which ends thus:

"The landlord shall our parson be;
The tavern door our churchyard gate;
And we will fill the landlord's till
Before we fill the parson's plate!

"But here 's to Parson Herrick's Muse!
Drink to it, dear old comrades, please!
And, prithee, for my tombstone choose
A verse from his Hesperides."

Graceful fancies, embodied in tripping measures, with here and there a serious note by way of variety, are the gifts chiefly brought us by this pleasant little book.

In the first of his songs, "Leviore Plectro," Mr. Alfred Cochrane classes himself frankly among the minor poets, and expects that his "pensive carollings" will,

"Unseen of any eye,
Disport themselves in print and die,
Like some midsummer butterfly,
Without his gorgeous wings."

This is really too modest; for the writer, although undoubtedly a minor poet, is a deft weaver of *vers de société*, and has little to fear from comparison with his rivals in the field that he has chosen for his verses vain. Witness the close of his apostrophe "To My Lady" (who has beaten him at croquet):

"In cooler blood I sympathise
With all New Woman's aims,
Her hansom cabs, and sailor ties,
Her latch-key's burning claims.
But now I doubt if she be wise
To vanquish us at games."

Here are a couple of pretty stanzas from "The Blackbird's Song":

"What was it that the blackbird sang,
Who whistled in the hedge
A jovial note that rose and rang
Along the spinney's edge?

"He sang that in a sheltered spot
That morning he had seen
A budding snowdrop, and a knot
Of primrose breaking green."

We commend "The Golfer's Dream" (too long for quotation) to fanatics of the game.

Mr. Nimmo Christie is also a minor poet who does not pretend to be anything else, and this is his modest confession:

"The mad wind blows a little space,
Then sinks into a breath and dies;
In meadows where its path we trace,
And 'mid the corn, the poppies rise.

"A little space the sunbeam falls,
And warms and brightens ere the night;
And apples glow on orchard walls,
And roses bloom where it was light.

"So, when we pass into the dark,
And think to leave no record here,
Some friend unknown, perchance, may mark
The blank, and hold our memory dear —
Some one may hear with radiant face
The song we sang a little space."

Mr. Christie's poems include a series of Scotch songs, some very acceptable sonnets, and a number of simple, smooth, and heartfelt lyrics.

Mr. Charles Leonard Moore is well-known to students of poetry as the author of several volumes, the most noteworthy of which is a collection of remarkably powerful sonnets, a collection unsurpassed for poetic energy by any American writer. He now appears as a singer of strong-voiced "Odes," the best passages of which challenge comparison with the great writers, now with Lowell, now with Keats.

"What fervent and funereal pipes are set
To shape one ditty from the shifting air?
What notes of wild reluctance, what regret
Sobs through the tree-trunks bare?"

This opening of the "Dirge for Summer" will justify our mention of Keats, and the reference to Lowell derives even ampler warrant from the ode "To America," in which we find such verse as this:

"Thou art the peer of Greece in those proud stories
Where battles bear out dreams;
For twice, idea-urged, hast thou arisen,
Not moved by passion or a prince's halter,
And burst her bonds who half-time sits in prison,
And poured thy best lives out on Freedom's altar:
And where Fate called thee thou hast spurned fatigues,
So ever on thy marches' westward border
Ran a thin line of blood four hundred leagues,
Chaos before — behind a world of order:
Dispatched such deeds: And now for what comes next
Thou waitest in thine invulnerable West,
Blazoning more large thy living-lettered text,
'Chance and the tools to those who use them best.'"

We must make one more extract — a section of Mr. Moore's superb "Ode of the Vision."

"Ah see, the moon from yonder hill swings clear,
With mellow lamp searching her crystal sphere;
But in our realm below
Her ineffectual torches dimly go;
Landmarks effaced, all things habitual, lose
Their surety of use;
The world grows foreign and all out of doors;
Masked revellers bear abroad the Bacchic laws:
Not in this moonlit jungle can the Soul
Keep its clear purposed paths to ends foreknown,
Shadows o'ertake it and upon it roll
Reiterate gales from magic gardens blown; —
Tired sentinel, its fires grow dim,
White arms are near, frank eyes dissolving swim,
And the wine-cups o'erbrim."

We should like also to quote from the "Idola Theatri," and the elegy on Poe; but space does not permit. Mr. Moore, it must be confessed, is an uneven poet, and some of his pages are both turgid and obscure. But he has at his best the large utterance, the vision, and the power of harmonious expression that characterize poetry of the higher class; and our literature has cause to be proud of such work as may be found in this volume.

A long silence has been broken by the publication of "Joaquin" Miller's "Songs of the Soul," a volume which contains three long poems, and four short ones. They will not add noticeably to Mr. Miller's reputation, for his imagination, although it seems to have lost little of its glow, is as ill-regulated as ever, and all that he says now he seems to have said before in similar and better terms. Let us copy a stanza from "Mother Egypt":

"Dark-browed, she broods with weary lids
Beside her Sphinx and Pyramids,
With low and never-lifted head.
If she be dead, respect the dead;
If she be weeping, let her weep;
If she be sleeping, let her sleep;
For lo, this woman named the stars!
She suckled at her tawny dugs
Your Moses while you reeked in wars
And prowled your woods, nude, painted thugs."

After a while, we learn that the poem is a plea for England to evacuate Egypt. Now this stanza illustrates, as well as a hundred would, the strength and weakness of Mr. Miller's genius. In the first place, it is diffuse; a truer poet would somehow have put the thought of the first six verses into two or three. All at once we are startled by the fine seventh verse, which almost any poet might be proud to own. Then comes the bald diction of the three following verses, and the unspeakable incongruity of the closing epithet. There is hardly a page of all Mr. Miller's verse that would not thus exemplify his uncertainty of aim, his nebulosity of expression, his ill-chosen language, his monotony of rhythmical movement; — and, with all these defects, his occasional flashes of the higher sort of poetic vision. What a pity that he could not have imparted the vision alone, with the other things pruned away!

Two more volumes of the pretty "Oaten Stop"

series of booklets have just been published. Mr. Cawein's "Undertones" reproduces the sensuous mood of his earlier volumes, their romantic feeling, their passion, and their tinge of melancholy. There is a fine large utterance in such a stanza as this from "The Wind of Spring":

"The wind has summoned, and I go, —
To con God's meaning in each line
The flowers write, and, walking slow,
God's purpose, of which song is sign, —
The wind's great, gusty hand in mine."

"Gusty hand" is forced, and typical of the lack of finish that so often disappoints us in Mr. Cawein's work. The restraint so needed by him seems to have been cultivated to some purpose in this newest collection. Miss Kimball's "Soul and Sense" is simpler and less sensuous verse than Mr. Cawein's, with an added touch of the spirit, and a note of mysticism. "Contrast" illustrates the gift as well as the limitations of this writer.

"Rout and defeat on every hand,
On every hand defeat and rout;
Yet through the rent clouds' hurrying rack
The stars look out.

"Decay supreme from west to east,
From south to north supreme decay;
Yet still the withered fields and hills
Grow green with May.

"In clod and man unending strife,
Unending strife in man and clod;
Yet burning in the heart of man
The fire of God."

Mention of "An Oaten Pipe" may fitly follow our comment upon the "Oaten Stop" volumes. Mr. James B. Kenyon, the author, has mastered many of the simpler forms of verse, and his work is infused with genuine feeling and a true instinct for the beautiful in nature and life. Most of his pieces skim the surface of emotion in their rather airy flight, but of a few of them something more than this may justly be said. The "Sappho" sonnet is a favorable example of his best work.

"Where is that bay-crowned head supreme in song?
The tides that darkle round the Leucadian steep
Lap her forever into deeper sleep:
About her heart of fire the cool waves long
Like cerements have been wound, and voices strong
Of winds and waters o'er her pillow keep
Their boisterous lullaby. That frenzied leap
From the hoar height, when sense of sharpest wrong
Ran in her blood like flame — the fears that strove
Within her stormy soul — the lyric tongue
Whose last high music rang through realms of love,
Till hushed by that sea-weird which o'er her flung
Its sudden doom, — ah, all the dole thereof
No equal tears have wept, no lips have sung."

Mr. Kenyon's verse is always pleasing and in good taste, but we may hardly call it strong.

The prayer of one of Edward Rowland Sill's most subjective and striking poems, "O Lord, be merciful to me, a fool," has been taken by Miss Geraldine Meyrick for the text of the slender sheaf of verses that she has entitled "Songs of a Fool." One of them, "Dawn," may be quoted:

"It will not last away. A change will come;
This weary soul will fall asleep one night,
These stamm'ring lips will some short while be dumb,
Then wake to utter truth; a holy light
Will brighten these dull, foolish eyes of mine,
And I shall stand erect, a soul divine.

"A soul divine! A feeble Fool no more,
But one of God's own angels. Ah, that day
Is long in coming; distant is the shore
I long so much to reach, and hard the way
I needs must travel; yet I will not fear;
A Fool, I know but this, that God is near."

There are only a few pieces in this thin pamphlet, but they deserve attention for their depth of feeling and their sincerity.

There are scarcely more than a dozen numbers in Miss Plummer's volume of "Verses," but they are compact with thought, and will outweigh many a more bulky and pretentious collection. They are inspired by no facile muse, and strenuous effort is impressed upon every page. They make their appeal to the intellect primarily, and their plummet sinks into the deeper recesses of the soul. The irregular sonnet on "Old Age" is perhaps the finest of these pieces, and, like the verses of Miss Meyrick, suggests the work of Sill at its gravest and best.

"Now is he come unto that countryside
Past the last outpost. Here Life loosely reigns,
Asking no tribute from the deadened plains
Where stealthy mists creep from the rising tides.
If there be fellow-travelers in this vast,
Scarcely he knoweth. Voices that he hears
Sound far away and strange unto his ears,
Commingled with the echoes from the past.
He hath outstripped the mirage of his prime
Long since; and journeying on to dip his hand
Into Truth's fountain, he hath come to know
Truth for the chiefest mirage. On the sand
Lappeth the river at the bounds of Time.
His dull ear listens;—must it, then, be so?"

The audience found by verse like this is naturally a small one, but it is well worth speaking to. The lilt of the minor lyrist pleases for the moment and is forgotten; while the more serious note of such a poem as we have just quoted, if it succeeds in reaching the consciousness at all, sets up vibrations that are not for the moment only, but of lasting intensity.

Mr. Robert H. Vickers has taken advantage of our newly-aroused interest in Cuban and Spanish American affairs to write "America Liberata," a poem which we may describe as the epic of freedom in the Latin countries of the New World. The whole history of the South and Central American republics is summarized in this production, with the chief stress laid upon the various wars of independence that have been waged against Spanish misrule. Mr. Vickers is a good hater as far as Spaniards are concerned, and his hatred, far from being mere vamping, is based upon a remarkably minute knowledge of Spanish American history. A specimen stanza will illustrate the form of this poem.

"Caracas' sons soon hear the longed-for sound
And deck her streets with banners as they wait;
Strew verdant palms along the holy ground
And cheer her favored son before her gate;
While white-robed maidens, all of spotless fame,
Drag the triumphal car where smiles in state
The Liberator;—high and potent name
That yields a lordly rank his merit could not claim."

Bolivar is the hero of this stanza, and one of the chief heroes of the poem. While Mr. Vickers is not exactly inspired in his verse, he is interesting, and his enthusiasm carries the reader well along with him. There is a certain solidity and seriousness about the work that place it in agreeable contrast with the metrical confectionery most in fashion at present.

"The Lamp of Gold" is a sort of spiritual autobiography, cast in the form of fourteen-line poems, seven groups of seven poems each. The confession is full of tenderness, resignation, and religious sentiment, falling upon the ear in simple and pleasing measures, and affording a personal revelation that seems at times almost too intimate for the printed page. We quote one of the more objective of these sonnets:

"How sweet the shadows are that softly close
Upon the shining boundaries of the world
Against the gonfalons of gold and rose
Through all the sky so wondrously unfurled!
How fair and free the countless banners float,
Borne onward in their royal pageantry,
Till every hill and plain, how'er remote,
Thrills back the sense of some new harmony!
And when the glory fades amid the hush
That deepens downward with the deepening mist,
The dreams of men take on the morning flush
That shimmers through the evening amethyst.
Only the blessed child may enter in
The kingdoms where the heavenly powers begin."

The aim of Miss Sophie Jewett, in "The Pilgrim and Other Poems," has been to attempt only simple tasks, but to perform them perfectly. The rare distinction of style that is found in the opening poem does not desert her pages as they follow one another, and there is almost nothing in the entire book at which the most searching criticism may cavil. The author relies for her effect upon no rhetorical devices, but upon her absolute sincerity, and her well-nigh faultless instinct for the right phrase and the appropriate rhythm. If such a sonnet as "The Soldier," for example, does not deserve a high place in American poetry, then our whole theory of the poetic art is wrong.

"The soldier fought his battle silently.
Not his the strife that stays for set of sun;
It seemed this warfare never might be done;
Through glaring day and blinding night fought he.
There came no hand to help, no eye to see;
No herald's voice proclaimed the fight begun;
No trumpet, when the better field was won,
Sounded abroad the soldier's victory.
As if the struggle had been light, he went,
Gladly, life's common road a little space;
Nor any knew how his heart's blood was spent;
Yet there were some who after testified
They saw a glory grow upon his face;
And all men praised the soldier when he died."

Dante's verse, "Non vi si pensa quanto sangue costa," is the fitting motto attached to this grave and perfect poem, which is worthy of the text. During the course of this article we have twice had occasion to refer to the work of E. R. Sill. Again that thoughtful and harmonious singer is suggested by this sonnet, which also recalls Arnold in his most elevated ethical mood. A dozen extracts taken at random from this volume would not weaken but strengthen the impression made by this piece. One more may be given here, a nature-picture in which every word is effective.

"The lichen rustles against my cheek,
But the heart of the rock is still;
With chattering voice the cedars speak,
Crouched gray on the barren hill.

"A land-wind snarls on the cliff's sheer edge;
Below, the smitten sea
Comes fawning over a sunken ledge
And cowers whimperingly.

"In the sultry wood lies a restless hush,
Not a twitter falls from the sky;
Hidden are swallow, sparrow, and thrush,
And the sea-birds only cry."

A correction of the last line, making it read "And only the sea-birds cry," would leave this poem without a defect. As it is, both these verses and many of their fellows need but to be read to be taken at once to the heart. Their delicate spirituality is a thing to be deeply grateful for, and Miss Jewett need have no fear that they will fall unheeded by the wayside.

"The Road to Castaly," if we follow it in Miss Alice Brown's footsteps, leads through many charming woodland and mountain haunts, and the spirit pauses to take refreshment by the way from many a deep pool of emotion. A love of nature, and a share of the fancy that informs natural objects with the life that we feel to be our own, are predominant notes in this volume. Here is some good blank verse from a poem called "Sunrise on Mansfield Mountain":

"Too still for dreaming, too divine for sleep,
So range the firs, the constant, fearless ones.
Warders of mountain secrets, there they wait,
Each with his cloak about him, breathless, calm,
And yet expectant, as who knows the dawn,
And all night thrills with memory and desire,
Searching in what has been for what shall be:
The marvel of the ne'er familiar day,
Sacred investiture of life renewed,
The chrism of dew, the coronal of flame."

The "Stanford Rhymes" of "Carolus Ager," whose real name is Mr. Charles K. Field, are rather better than the average of college verse, and make a good showing brought together in a volume. They are alternately humorous and pathetic, with a good deal to say about "co-eds" and "profs" and love and wine. President Jordan, however, takes pains to inform us that "love and wine in youth are metaphors only"; that the wine of these rhymes "contains no alcohol," and that the love "is not the serious fateful thing it seems." Whereat, we fancy, many a college youth will smile in wonder at the

strange notions of the Olympians. There is a gleam of practical wisdom in Mr. Field's verses here and there,—as when, for example, the senior thus gives advice to the freshman:

"Study your head professor
More than the books you buy;
The proper study of mankind
Is man, you know,—so try.
Fathom his favorite hobby,
Some hidden crank unearthing,—
Whether it's books or babies, just
Work it for all it's worth."

Coming back again to serious poetry, after this momentary interlude, we find a welcome gift in Mr. Clinton Scollard's "Hills of Song."

"Lo! I have fared and fared again
Far up and down the ways of men,
And found no path I strayed along
As happy as the hills of song."

Mr. Scollard is at his best in verse that embodies some historical incident or reminiscence of travel. Here are some "Memories of Como":

"Triumphaut Autuma sweeps from shore to shore,
And works swift magic with her wand of fire;
She fills the hollows of the hills once more
With amethyst, and like a golden lyre
The woodlands gleam, and quiver, and suspire.

"I listen, and the low harmonic sound
Quickens the happy past within my brain;
My spirit crosses with an ardent bound
The severing ocean, and I float again
On Como's tranquil breast that bears no stain."

The song of "Taillefer the Trouvère," with which Mr. Scollard's volume opens, is a noteworthy poem in a fine swinging measure.

A word concerning Mr. Archibald Lampman's "Lyrics of Earth," and we will end this lengthy review of the poetical product of the last few months. Mr. Lampman is one of the truest and sweetest of the group of Canadian poets who have made themselves heard of late, and he sings of nature because he knows her, not because he takes it to be the literary fashion. It is only faithful and loving observation that can help a man to such a stanza as the following:

"I see the broad rough meadow stretched away
Into the crystal sunshine, wastes of sod,
Acres of withered vervain, purple-gray,
Branches of aster, groves of goldenrod;
And yonder, toward the sunlit summit, strewn
With shadowy boulders, crowned and swathed with weed,
Stand ranks of silken thistle, blown to seed,
Long silver fleeces shining like the noon."

Mr. Lampman's verse combines this fidelity to the facts of nature with high qualities of imagination and passion; it will both bear and repay a close examination.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

THE library of the late Ernst Curtius is for sale. It includes about 3500 bound volumes and at least as many pamphlets. The collection is made especially valuable by the author's numerous marginal annotations, and we should welcome its purchase by one of our American universities.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of
Dr. Barnard,
of Columbia.*

Mr. Fulton's "Memoirs of Frederick A. P. Barnard" (Macmillan) trace the career of a man whose chiefest labors were spent in educational reform. In the main they show the man in his public capacity, where he seems to have possessed very great intellectual energy, and to have been as unfaltering as he was uncompromising in the pursuit of principle; but in the first three chapters we get an idea of his remarkable personality. Dr. Barnard, when nearly eighty years of age, still remembered and described with vividness the early associations of his childhood, the village school, with its plank benches of unpainted pine, the old meeting house, with its high-backed pews, its great pulpit, and the long sermon in which he took as little interest as did the ordinary boy of the time. Although he enjoyed what were then considered good educational advantages, and won much distinction as a scholar at both Stockbridge Academy and Yale College, he spoke depreciatingly of them in later life. His course at Yale, he said, was a process of self-education. Like many another student, he found that the best part of his education began after he received his bachelor's degree. Graduating from Yale in 1828, Mr. Barnard began his pedagogical career as an assistant in the Hartford Grammar School. He then became a tutor in mathematics in Yale College; but at the end of a year his increasing deafness forced him back to Hartford, where he accepted an instructorship in the American Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. He entered so earnestly into this work at Hartford, and later at New York, that he soon became a master in the principles and practice of deaf-mute instruction. From 1838 to 1854 he was connected with the University of Alabama, where his skill as a teacher and organizer was a potent influence in bringing order out of the disorganized state into which that institution had been brought by the insubordination of its students. It was here that he wrote those important letters on College Government which centred upon him the attention of the prominent educators of the country. He next went to Mississippi, where his reputation as an educator and his power as an executive soon secured for him the Presidency of the State University. He now inaugurated many important reforms, some of which were just reaching their consummation when the outbreak of the Civil War brought to a sudden close these, as well as other, enterprises of peace. Although Dr. Barnard, in his long residence at the South, had become a slaveholder, he at no time wavered in his opposition to secession. In 1864 he was elected to the Presidency of Columbia College, and from that time until his death, in 1889, his life is the history of the important educational matters connected with that institution. As much of Mr. Fulton's book is devoted to the exposition of Dr. Barnard's opinions, the work is certain of a kind reception from all interested in higher education.

*A study of the
woman of to-day.*

Mr. Roy Devereux's "The Ascent of Woman" (Roberts) is a clever little book wherein members of the "ruder sex," as some innovating spirit impolitely styles it, may find themselves and their current interests pungently and thoughtfully discussed. Since Schopenhauer dismissed her with the curt definition, "Women are grown-up children," woman has developed capacities and advanced claims undreamed of in his philosophy. The worm (if we may venture on the expression here) has turned; the once bond are free; the chrysalis has become the winged Psyche — and, in fine, the poor-spirited creature of the primitive *Hausfrau* type contemplated by the German philosopher shows as a mere protoplasmic polyp, or mollusc, when compared with her highly evolved successor of to-day. It is the woman of to-day, rather than woman in the abstract, that our author discusses; and he discusses her shrewdly, critically, sympathetically, and even comprehensively, in so far, at least, as a theme so complex can be viewed comprehensively by a single intellect. It is fair to Mr. Devereux to say that he does not pretend to explain woman. Perhaps a genius may arise some day who will achieve this, and then turn his attention to the Hegelian philosophy. The introductory chapter deals with "The Criticism of Woman," after which the author goes on to discuss, under the main heads "Of her Life" and "Of her Looks," such topics as: "The Value of Love," "The Practice of Marriage," "The Sisterhood of Woman," "The Progress of Fashion," "On Color in Costume," "The Superfluous," "The Ideal," etc. The author's style savors of sound reading, his ideas are usually fresh and worth weighing, and his book altogether forms a refreshing contrast to the average dissertation on its subject. If the "new woman" be half she claims to be, and what her judicious friends would fain believe her to be, it is surely high time to write of her and for her as if she were something more than Schopenhauer's "grown-up child," something more than the trifle whose mind is formed on the study of the "Society Column" and the contemplation of the "fashion plate." Every woman of sense and spirit must resent the assumption, still common on the part of publishers of the hundred-and-one more or less trashy and inane journals gotten up for the express use and delectation of her sex, that only the mildest sort of literary pap is congenial to the female palate and digestion. Mr. Devereux pays his fair readers the compliment of assuming at the outset that their latter-day interest in serious things is not all a sham and fad of the hour.

*Christian teaching
in Browning.*

Most readers of Browning will be glad to see a book on Browning's attitude toward Christianity; or, more accurately speaking, of Browning's presentation of Christian doctrine. And Browning students will naturally recognize in Dr. Berdoo one singularly fitted for the task, by the knowledge of the poet's works, and the appreciation, shown in pre-

vious books. Dr. Berdoe himself gives further reason in an introductory note: Browning has been to him a real apostle, whose work has been of the greatest success. "Browning and the Christian Faith" (Macmillan) comes, then, with good sponsors: we think the volume will not be found to fall short of expectation. It is, as is indicated on the title-page, a systematized view of "the evidences of Christianity from Browning's point of view." We should not think of offering particular criticism upon such a book in the space at our command; it must be sufficient to indicate the plan of the work and the success of the author in carrying out his plan. With regard to any such study, there would seem to be two questions which must be answered before we can estimate its value. First, can we be sure, in dealing with so dramatic a poet as Browning, that we have his own opinion in this or that quotation? and, second, can we rightly make a system based upon quotations from the work of fifty years, without considering the chronology of the matter? In other words, do we want a system of truth expressed in Browning's words, or a statement of Browning's own religious beliefs? We do not think that Dr. Berdoe is quite definite on these points. As to dramatic utterance, he points out that he seeks Browning's own opinions: we think that although here and there he mistakes the sayings of the character for the beliefs of the writer, he is generally in the right. But as to the second question, he has nothing to say. His quotations come from all parts of Browning's works, and he leaves us in this dilemma: either Browning never held this system in its entirety, or there was no development in his religious thought for half a century. Possibly this objection is that of the literary historian, who always desires to know what was the actual fact; many lovers of Browning will desire, rather, to know what was Browning's testimony through life to a system of universal truth.

*Life and letters of
Maria Mitchell.*

In the "Life, Letters, and Journal of Maria Mitchell" (Lee & Shepard) we get a view of one of the ablest women and most interesting characters of the present generation. Showing a decided taste for astronomy at a period when there was no school in the world where she could be taught either this or the higher mathematics,—when even Harvard College had no better telescope than the home instrument belonging to Mr. Mitchell, when astronomy was regarded as akin to alchemy,—the contributions of Miss Mitchell to astronomical science are fully entitled to be considered independent, if not original. Her services as an educator are scarcely less distinguished. Her method was through stimulus and not through drill; she held the marking system in contempt, but hundreds of Vassar alumne and students testify to her immense force on their lives. Her influence upon the pupils who were her daily companions was permanent, character-moulding, and unceasingly progressive. Her study in the observatory of Vassar

College, surrounded by the evidences of her honorable professional career, came to be regarded by many as a pilgrim-shrine of life, and her personality was so strong that it gave astronomy a prominence at Vassar such as it has had in few colleges either for men or women. The narrative of this life is told with reserve and dignity, but with sufficient fulness, by a sister, Mrs. Phebe Mitchell Kendall.

*Thoreau as a
Great Writer.*

Mr. H. S. Salt, who is known as an editor of a portion of Thoreau's collected works, and as a writer about Thoreau from a very appreciative and even eulogistic point of view, has given, in his life of Thoreau for Mr. Walter Scott's series of "Great Writers" (imported by Scribner) an abridged and revised edition of his earlier work, published in 1890. In the case of Thoreau there is less material for a biography than in that of almost any other figure in literature. His was neither a life of the family, nor of the community, nor of the nation,—nor even of the republic of letters; it had no events, no career; there was only the set inwardness of growth of a life hid with nature. So, the very little material the biographer finds must be made much of, even in so small a work as this. Still, this is a sufficiently readable and accurate account. The three last chapters discuss Thoreau as man and writer. Mr. Salt regards him as most akin to Richard Jefferies; but he is certainly wide of the mark in supposing that Thoreau could have written the sentence quoted on page 189. Thoreau never "fancied" anything; his method of expression was absolutely direct. Mr. Salt thinks the future will rank Thoreau as "no mere Emersonian disciple," but as a "master-mind," "by far the most inspired, stimulating, and vital personality of all the Concord group."

*Cædmon and
Milton compared.*

To consider the Anglo-Saxon paraphrase of the Genesis by the so-called Cædmon as a separate and original epic, and read it in comparison with Milton, is to commit one's self to appreciative, rather than scholastic and elucidative, endeavor. This is chiefly what the Rev. S. Humphreys Gurteen, in his "Epic of the Fall of Man: A Comparative Study of Cædmon, Dante, and Milton" (Putnam), has, as he avows himself, attempted. Dante is brought in only for the chapter on the torture-house of the Anglo-Saxon version and the hell of "Paradise Lost," and the Cædmonian poem is treated frankly as the homogeneous product of the bard of Whitby; so that a perusal of the book resolves itself into a purely æsthetic weighing of the Old-English work with the performance of the great Puritan. Here, since "Paradise Lost" is notoriously the most artificial poem in the language, it is not hard to agree with Mr. Gurteen in finding many places where Cædmon is the more freshly pleasing. The conception of Eve, notably and perhaps not unaccountably, is a case in point. Probably one of the results of the Anglo-Saxon revival in this century is destined to be

a still more frequent turning back to the undulled pages of Old-English literature. Mr. Gurteen uses his own careful translation of the paraphrase, and the volume further embodies reduced facsimiles of the curious and interesting illuminations of the Junian manuscript, taken from the facsimiles originally published by the London Society of Antiquaries.

*A reference book
for labor laws in
the United States.*

Mr. F. J. Stimson assures us that his "Hand-Book to the Labor Law of the United States" (Scribner) "is the result of an attempt to set forth, as it exists in the United States to-day, that law of labor disputes and the regulation of industrial affairs and the protection of employees, which has had its greatest development in the last few years." There is no attempt at exhaustive treatment, and the volume is not even dignified with the claim of being a law text-book. It is intended for general use, and has the undoubted merit of dealing with a thoroughly live public question in a most interesting and intelligent manner. Just now there are perhaps no questions of more vital concern to the vast army of wage-earners than those which are considered in this hand-book. The chapter on strikes, boycotts, and lockouts is one of the fullest, both in its statement of the law as it is found on the statute-books of the various States and of the views of courts upon the various phases of the labor question, which have been brought before them for adjudication. The comments of the author are generally fair, and his judgments seem to be sustained by the better reason. The citation of cases is numerous enough to fulfil the purpose of the book, and the copious footnotes add to its value. The book well supplies a need with that class who do not care for an exhaustive or very technical treatment of the subject.

*True realism
of army life.*

Readers who think they have got some notion of warfare from an emotional and illiterate book like "The Red Badge of Courage" may be commended to such a work as Colonel Edward Anderson's "Camp Fire Stories" (Star Publishing Co.) as a corrective. Colonel Anderson served as a cavalry officer in the Southwest during the greater part of our Civil War, and had his full share of the soldier's experience. A clergyman before and after, the fighting instinct was too strong to be resisted during those four eventful years, and he fought Southerners in the field as vigorously as he had been wont to fight Satan in the pulpit. The stories that he tells us are not so much of battles, however, as of the incidental phases of army life; they are in turn pathetic and shrewdly humorous, and give us many glimpses of the day-by-day life of camp, bivouac, and hospital. They are, moreover, happily mellowed in the retrospect of riper years, infused with the kindest feeling, and far more effective in their unpretentious way than many a more ambitious portrayal of army life. The author expresses a hope that his book "may make many an eye that grows rheumy with age flash out

again the old fires of years ago, and many a young face light up with a new-born patriotism," and we do not doubt that it will produce both the one effect and the other.

*Antiquities of
Pagan Ireland.*

Mr. W. G. Wood-Martin presents a summary of the knowledge concerning the antiquities of Pre-Christian Ireland, in a work entitled "Pagan Ireland, an Archaeological Sketch" (Longmans). There are few richer fields for the student in archaeology. The field has been diligently worked, but the results are to be found only by a prodigious ransacking of journals, transactions, and proceedings, not easily accessible. Our author is an authority; both as field-worker and writer, he is well-known; his studies of Irish Lake Dwellings and Rude Stone Monuments are classic. He is, then, eminently qualified for the task he undertakes in this book. He has accomplished it well. The whole field is traversed, and the six hundred pages of close print, with more than four hundred illustrations, make the work what the author claims—a handbook of Irish Pre-Christian Antiquities. There is an excellent index, and a classified bibliography of six hundred and more numbers, some of which comprise several references. The general reader will find the book interesting; the archaeologist will find it indispensable. The portions dealing with "traces of the elder faiths," superstitions connected with stones, and the use of stones in divination and cursing, will particularly please most readers.

*History of
street names
in London.*

Mr. F. H. Habben devotes an interesting little book of some 260 pages to investigating the origin, meaning, and historic value of "London Street Names" (Lippincott). Visitors to London have time out of mind been used to puzzle over such seeming freaks of municipal nomenclature as "Petticoat Lane," "Pudding Lane," "Mincing Lane," "Bull-and-Mouth St.," "Camomile St.," "St. Margaret Patens," and so on; and these mysteries Mr. Habben elucidates briefly and for the most part conclusively. Much of London history is epitomized in these quaint names of old streets and courts, which have endured like *monumenta erant perenniora* of a buried past; and therefore the author has in some cases not hesitated to be rather discursive. Usually, however, the names are dismissed with a brief statement of their origin. The reader will find the book a useful supplement to the excellent works on London of Mr. Loftie and Sir Walter Besant.

*The English
Cathedrals.*

Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr is one of the latest travellers to write a book about the English cathedrals, which, though they may be less perfect than their fellows across the channel, are demonstrably perennial in their charm. "A Cathedral Pilgrimage" (Macmillan) gives an account, in readable woman's English, of visits to Wells, Salisbury, Ely, Peterborough, Lincoln, Durham, Canterbury, and Exeter. There is

a bit of historiography now and then, some of the anecdote of travel, and some frank, if rather exalted, impression. The papers, which are particularly designed to bring to "true cathedral lovers" at home "the delight of personal knowledge and intimacy," make also a volume which will take little room, and probably not come amiss, in the tourist's knapsack.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Lorenzo de' Medici is the subject of the last volume introduced, somewhat equivocally perhaps, into the "Heroes of the Nations" series (Putnam), of which some seventeen have already appeared under the general editorship of Mr. Evelyn Abbott. The book may be thought to derive a kind of fanciful timeliness since the discovery last year of the bodies of the great despot and his brother in the New Sacristy of San Lorenzo in Florence. Lorenzo's latest biographer, Mr. E. Armstrong, does not pretend to be definitive, and many persons may find his interpretation a bit ideal, yet the questions in dispute are for the most part freshly and sanely put.

"A Text-Book of the History of Architecture" (Longmans), by Mr. A. D. F. Hamlin, and "A History of Architecture for the Student, Craftsman, and Amateur" (imported by Scribner), by Mr. Banister Fletcher and Mr. Banister F. Fletcher, are single-volume treatises for the student and the general reader. Both are abundantly illustrated, but the work of the Messrs. Fletcher has the more attractive plates, and is the more extensive treatise of the two.

"Macaulay's and Carlyle's Essays on Samuel Johnson," edited by Mr. William Strunk, Jr., are published in a neat volume by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. Other English texts are Macaulay's essay on Milton (Ginn), edited by Mr. H. A. Smith; a volume of "Selections from Carlyle" (Allyn), edited by Mr. H. W. Boynton; Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" (American Book Co.); and an annotated selection of Tennyson's "Idylls" (Houghton), made by Professor W. J. Rolfe.

Messrs. John Murphy & Co. issue a little booklet entitled "How to Speak Latin, a Series of Latin Dialogues with English Translation." The book is by Mr. Stephen W. Wilby, and is divided into four departments: Forms of Speaking, Dialogues, Readings, and Wisdom of the Ages, the last being a collection of more or less familiar Latin aphorisms.

"The Oxford Manuals of English History" (Scribner) are designed to provide students with elementary text-books dealing with special periods in the spirit of the most recent scholarship, yet affording, when taken together, a *résumé* of the entire history of England. The books are to be six in number, under the editorship of Mr. C. W. C. Oman, and three of them have been received by us. "The Making of the English Nation," by Mr. C. G. Robertson; "King and Baronage," by Mr. W. H. Hutton; and "King and Parliament," by Mr. G. H. Wakeling, are the titles. These volumes are one, two, and five, of the projected series, leaving "The Hundred Years' War," "England and the Reformation," and "The Making of the British Empire" yet to be supplied. The work appears to be very well done, is uniform in scale and method, and may be warmly recommended to teachers of English history.

LITERARY NOTES.

Brümmer's "Lexicon of German Authors" contains about five thousand names.

It is stated that the Norwegian government has recently done away with the study of Latin and Greek in the higher schools of that country.

Herr Björnson announces that he will hereafter live in Germany, having been driven from his native country by the constant attacks upon him by the political press.

Dr. Newton Bateman and Mr. Paul Selby are engaged in the preparation of a "Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois," which promises to be an interesting and valuable work.

Dr. Charles Lotin Hildreth died in New York a few days ago, from nervous prostration brought on by the terrific heat of August. He was forty years of age, and will be remembered as the author of "The Masque of Death, and Other Poems," a volume of considerable value.

Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, an English scholar, has been at work for the past six years upon a book which will do for modern France about what Mr. Bryce has done for the United States in his "American Commonwealth." The first volume will be published this fall by the Macmillan Co.

Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. announce a new edition, in three volumes, of Mrs. Lamb's "History of the City of New York," with a lengthy additional chapter on "The External of the Modern City," prepared by Mrs. Burton Harrison. Those having the old editions of Mrs. Lamb's work may obtain Mrs. Harrison's edition in a volume by itself.

Professor Josiah Dwight Whitney, of Harvard University, died on the nineteenth of August, at the age of seventy-six. He was an elder brother of the late W. D. Whitney, and the highest mountain in the United States bears his name, a deserved tribute to his high rank as a geologist. His name is associated with that of the late Dr. J. W. Foster, of Chicago, in the well-known Foster and Whitney's Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Region.

We learn that work has actually begun on the important enterprise of reprinting, in French and English, the extended series of "Jesuit Relations," projected by Messrs. Burrows Brothers of Cleveland. Sixty volumes of three hundred pages each, and five years of time, will be required; the volumes appearing at the rate of one a month. The work is all to be done in Cleveland, at the Imperial Press; and the type is to be set by machinery. Mr. R. G. Thwaites is the editor of the series.

We find the following interesting note in the "Japan Mail," the leading English-printed journal of Japan: "We understand that the chair of English Literature in the Imperial University is to be filled by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn; Professor Wood, its hitherto occupant, being about to return to the United States. The University is very fortunate in obtaining the services of a literary star like Mr. Hearn. Our readers may not be aware that Mr. Hearn is a naturalized Japanese, and that, in the country of his adoption, he is known as Mr. Iwazumi Yakumo. It will, perhaps, be referred to by and by as a singular fact that whereas the chair of Japanese Literature in the University was, until recently, filled by a British subject, Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, the chair of English Literature is now to be occupied by a Japanese subject."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

September, 1896 (First List).

Alaska. John G. Brady. *Chautauquan*.
 America, Discovery and Naming of. B. A. Hinsdale. *Dial*.
 Ballot, Forms of the. Leo J. Vance. *Chautauquan*.
 British National Portrait Gallery. Cosmo Monkhouse. *Scrib*.
 Bunner, H. C. Brander Matthews. *Scribner*.
 Child-Study in Educational Work. A. B. Woodford. *Dial*.
 Cliff Dwellings, American. T. Mitchell Prudden. *Harper*.
 Congressional Library, The New. E. A. Hempstead. *Chaut*.
 Driving, the Art of. H. C. Merwin. *Harper*.
 Educational Document, An Important. *Dial*.
 English, Conversational. Percy F. Bicknell. *Dial*.
 Flatiam, Natural History of. F. P. Powers. *Lippincott*.
 Forestry as a Pursuit. Anna C. Brackett. *Harper*.
 Heroines. Nina R. Allen. *Lippincott*.
 International Exhibitions, Advantages of. *Lippincott*.
 Japanese Folk-Songs. Lafcadio Hearn. *Atlantic*.
 Literature, Teaching Spirit of. W. P. Trent. *Atlantic*.
 McCosh, James. Grace Julian Clarke. *Dial*.
 Medical Student, Life of a. A. L. Benedict. *Lippincott*.
 Musical Celebrities of Vienna. W. von Sachs. *Harper*.
 Negro, Awakening of the. Booker T. Washington. *Atlantic*.
 Olympian Games, The New. R. B. Richardson. *Scribner*.
 Poetry, Recent Books of. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
 President, Election of the. J. B. McMaster. *Atlantic*.
 Roads, Country. Frank French. *Scribner*.
 San Francisco. George H. Fitch. *Chautauquan*.
 Silver, Old. Theodore S. Woolsey. *Harper*.
 Uncle Tom's Cabin, Story of. C. D. Warner. *Atlantic*.
 West, Problem of the. Frederick J. Turner. *Atlantic*.
 Women in English Life. Anna B. McMahan. *Dial*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 70 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

HISTORY.

The Province of Quebec and the Early American Revolution. By Victor Coffin, Ph.D. 8vo, uncut, pp. 562. University of Wisconsin. Paper, 75 cts.
 The Growth of the French Nation. By George Burton Adams. Illus., 12mo, pp. 350. Flood & Vincent. \$1.
 A Survey of Greek Civilization. By J. P. Mahaffy, D.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 337. Flood & Vincent. \$1.
 How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon. By Oliver W. Nixon, LL.D. Fifth edition; illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 339. Chicago: Star Pub'g Co. \$1.75.
 The Ecumenical Councils. By William P. Du Bose, S.T.D. 12mo, pp. 350. "Ten Epochs of Church History." Christian Literature Co. \$1.50.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

French Traits: An Essay in Comparative Criticism. By W. C. Brownell. 12mo, pp. 316. Flood & Vincent. \$1.
 A History of Greek Art. With Introductory chapter on Art in Egypt and Mesopotamia. By F. B. Tarbell. Illus., 12mo, pp. 300. Flood & Vincent. \$1.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Novels of Captain Marryat. Edited by E. Brimley Johnson. New vols.: The Phantom Ship, Snarley-Yow, and Olla Podrida. Each illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut. Little, Brown, & Co. Per vol., \$1.50.
 Life on the Mississippi. By Mark Twain. Illus., 12mo, pp. 465. Harper & Bros. \$1.75.

POETRY.

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